

# APOLLO'S LYRE;

BEING

A SELECTION

OF

## Choice Songs,

SUNG AT

*VAUXHALL, THEATRES ROYAL,*

CONVIVIAL MEETINGS, &c.

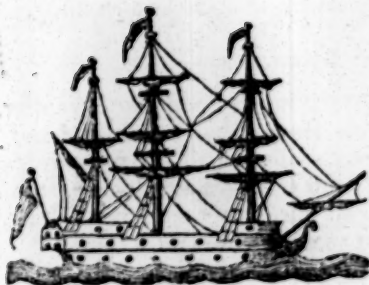


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## APOLLO'S LYRE.

Part First.

### HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd,  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
" By the deep—nine !"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view,  
An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true ;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
“ By the mark—seven !”

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof  
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,  
Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
“ Quarter—less—five !”

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh ;  
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—  
“ Stand clear the cable !” is the cry—  
The anchor's gone ; we safely ride.  
The watch is set—and, through the night,  
We hear the seaman with delight  
Proclaim, “ All's well !”

#### LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To ev'ry passing villager :  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound :  
Or crowns of living laurels weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The mimic dance in twilight glade,  
The rustic glee, the roundelay,  
Sung in the silent woodland's shade ;



These simple joys, which never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

#### THE STREAMLET.

**T**HE streamlet, that flow'd round her cot,  
All the charms of my Emily knew :  
How oft has its course been forgot,  
While it paus'd her dear image to woo !

Believe me, the fond silver tide  
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,  
For, silently swelling with pride,  
It reflected her back to the skies,

#### THE PROSPECT OF HOPE.

**I**N the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my fate no less fortunate be,  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea :  
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And, blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade  
too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;  
With a small spot of ground for the use of the spade  
too,  
And a barn for the use of the flail :  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,  
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
Or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-  
pletely  
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;

And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,  
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :  
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 With my friends I will share what to-day may afford,  
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw of this frail cov'ring,  
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,  
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'r-  
 ing,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :  
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-  
 day,  
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

#### MY NATIVE LAND.

**M**Y native land I bade adieu,  
 And calmly friendship's joys resign'd,  
 But, ah ! how keen my sorrows grew  
 When my true-love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,  
 Should absence prove my charmer kind,  
 Then shall not I lament the day  
 When my true-love I left behind.

#### THE ROSARY.

**T**HOUGH oft we meet severe distress,  
 In vent'ring out to sea,  
 The perils of the storm seem less,  
 As we to Heav'n our vows address,  
 And sing the cheering rosary.

Our kids that rove the mountains wide,  
 And bound in harmless glee,

I seek each day at eventide,  
And, as their course I homeward guide,  
I sing the cheering rosary.

And, in the deeper shades of night,  
As through the woods I flee,  
Where gloom and silence yield affright,  
To make my beating heart fit light,  
I sing the cheering rosary.

#### THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

WHEN summer, smiling, bids the hills  
With noontide fervours glow,  
I lead my flocks beside the rills  
Which cheer the vale below :  
Then, elated with joy, to the shade I repair,  
For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

And when soft music, o'er the plains,  
Proclaims the rural dance,  
And blushing nymphs and ardent swains  
In eager haste advance ;  
Then, elated with joy, to the dance I repair,  
For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

Whene'er the cottagers appear  
Upon the village-green,  
To celebrate the wake or fair,  
And hail the charming scene ;  
Then, elated with joy, to the green I repair,  
For I'm sure the dear youth that I love will be there.

#### THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,  
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,  
The bright sunshine, that soften'd the scene,  
Was—a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,  
But to labour, with glee, will depart,  
If at eve he expects to be blest  
With—a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come, then, crosses and cares as they may,  
Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,  
Is—a smile from the girl of his heart.

THE MADRICAL.

AS down the torrent's roaring tide  
A while the cumbrous mafs may glide,  
Dissever'd from the shore ;  
But, to the lake's calm surface borne,  
It feels its own sad weight return,  
And sinks to rise no more :

So, lost to love, oppress'd by grief,  
'Midst social mirth a short relief  
The sorrowing heart may know ;  
But, ah ! to lonely thought retir'd,  
It mocks the joy by mirth inspir'd,  
And droops in lasting woe.

LUCY.

ADIEU to the village delights,  
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd ;  
No longer the country invites ;  
To me all its pleasures are void :  
Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill,  
Thou canst not my comfort restore ;  
For ever adieu, my dear vill ;  
My Lucy, alas ! is no more.

She, she, was the cure of my pain,  
My blessing, my honour, my pride ;  
She ne'er gave me cause to complain  
Till that fatal day when she dy'd :

Her eyes, which so splendidly shone,  
 Are closed for ever in sleep;  
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
 Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
 Like a fountain, they never should cease;  
 But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
 And I am a stranger to peace:  
 Let me copy, with fervour devout,  
 The virtues which glow'd in her heart,  
 Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
 We shall meet again, never to part.

#### THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

**F**AINT and wearily the way-worn traveller  
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;  
 Wand'ring drearily, and sad unraveller  
 Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top:  
 Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,  
 Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop,  
 Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller  
 Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has past by,  
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more;  
 Blithe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,  
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:  
 Eating, quaffing, at past labours laughing,  
 Better far by half in spirits than before;  
 Oh! how merry then the rested traveller  
 Seems while sitting at the goatherd's door.

#### DOWN THE BOURN.

**D**OWN the bourn and through the mead,  
 His golden locks way'd o'er his brow,

Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou';  
 Dear she lood the well-known song,  
     While her Johnny,  
     Blithe and bonny,  
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Costly claiths she had but few,  
 Of rings and jewels nae great store:  
 Her face was fair, her love was true,  
 And Johnny, wisely, wish'd no more.  
 Love's the pearl the shepherds prize;  
     O'er the mountain,  
     Near the fountain,  
 Love delights the shepherds' eyes.

Gold and titles give not health,  
 And Johnny could nae these impart:  
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth  
     Was still her faithful Johnny's heart.  
 Sweet the joys the lovers find;  
     Great the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 When the heart is always kind.

#### THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'TWAS post meridiem half past four,  
 By signal I from Nancy parted;  
 At six she linger'd on the shore,  
     With uplift hands, and broken hearted;  
 At sev'n, while taught'ning the fore-stay,  
     I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;  
 At eight we all got under weigh,  
 And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came—and now eight bells had rung,  
 While careless sailors, ever cheery,  
 On the mid-watch so jovial sung,  
     With tempers labour cannot weary;

I, little to their mirth inclin'd,  
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,  
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,  
 Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,  
 When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,  
 When, o'er the grog, all hands delight  
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses :  
 Round went the can, the jest, the glee,  
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,  
 And when, in turn, it came to me,  
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four ;  
 At six the elements, in motion,  
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,  
 Headlong within the foaming ocean :  
 Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves ;  
 For me—it may be only fancy—  
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves  
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,  
 Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,  
 Ere a bold enemy appear'd,  
 And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.  
 And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,  
 Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,  
 To Providence I trusted life,  
 Put up a pray'r ; and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,  
 The crew, it being lovely weather,  
 At three, A. M. discover'd day  
 And England's chalky cliffs together :  
 At sev'n up channel how we bore !  
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy ;  
 At twelve I gayly jump'd ashore,  
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.



## A FLATTERING TALE.

**H**OPE told a flatt'ring tale,  
 That joy would soon return;  
 Ah! nought my sighs avail,  
 For love is doom'd to mourn.  
 Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?  
 From me for ever flown;  
 Ah! nought my sighs avail,  
 For love is doom'd to mourn.  
 The happy dream of love is o'er;  
 Life, alas! can charm no more.

## THE WREATH.

**F**OR me my fair a wreath has wove,  
 Where rival flow'rs in union meet;  
 As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,  
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.  
 A bee within a damask rose  
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;  
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,  
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.  
 There, tasting all the bloom of spring,  
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,  
 And with the honey flew away.

## LOVELY NAN.

**S**WEET is the ship that, under sail,  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;  
 Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,  
 That tugs us to our native shore,  
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to men:



Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze ;  
But, oh ! much sweeter than all these  
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
To shew of constancy the worth,  
A curious lesson teaches man :  
The needle time may rust—a squall  
Capsize the binnacle and all,  
Let seamanship do all it can :  
My love in worth shall higher rise ;  
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize  
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,  
For serving of a worthless friend,  
And ev'ry creature from me ran ;  
No ship, performing quarantine,  
Was ever so deserted seen ;  
None hail'd me—woman, child, nor man :  
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,  
Though cut adrift by all the world,  
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
Love truth and merit to defend,  
To mourn their loss who hazard ran ;  
I love to take an honest part,  
Love beauty and a spotless heart,  
By manners love to shew the man ;  
To sail through life by honour's breeze :  
'Twas all along of loving these  
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

**S**AYS Plato—Why should man be vain,  
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great ?  
Why look with insolent disdain  
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?

B

Can splendid robes, or beds of down,  
 Or costly gems that deck the fair—  
 Can all the glories of a crown  
 Give health—or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burthen'd slave,  
 The humble, and the haughty die;  
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
 In dust, without distinction, lie.  
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,  
 Who once the greatest titles bore;  
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,  
 And all their honours, are no more!

So glides the meteor through the sky,  
 And spreads along a gilded train—  
 But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,  
 Dissolves to common air again:  
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls!—  
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;  
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;  
 When Jove commands we must obey.

#### NONGTONGPAW.

**J**OHNSON for pastime took a prance,  
 Some time ago, to peep at France;  
 To talk of sciences and arts,  
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.  
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,  
 And answer'd John in heathen greek:  
 To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,  
 'Twas, *Monsieur, je vous n'entend pas.*

John to the palace-royal come,  
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb:  
 'I say, whose house is that there here?'  
*Hoffe!—je vous n'entend pas, Monsieur.*  
 'What! Nongtongpaw again?' cries John,  
 'This fellow's, sure, some mighty don;

‘ No doubt has plenty for the maw ;  
 ‘ I’ll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw.’

John saw Versailles from Marli’s height,  
 And cry’d, astonish’d at the sight,

‘ Whose fine estate is that there here ?’

*Stat!—je vous n’entend pas, Monsieur.*

‘ His ! what the land and houses too ?’

‘ The fellow’s richer than a Jew ;

‘ On ev’ry thing he lays his claw ;

‘ I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw.’

Next, tripping, came a courtly fair ;

John cry’d, enchanted with her air,

‘ What lovely wench is that there here ?’

*Ventch!—je vous n’entend pas, Monsieur.*

‘ What ! he again ? upon my life !

‘ A palace, lands, and then a wife

‘ Sir Joshua might delight to draw !

‘ I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

‘ But hold ! whose fun’ral’s that ?’ cries John.

*Je vous n’entend pas !* ‘ What ! is he gone ?

‘ Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save

‘ Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave ?

‘ His race is run, his game is up ;

‘ I’d with him breakfast, dine, and sup ;

‘ But since he chuses to withdraw—

‘ Good night t’ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw !’

#### HOPE’S DELUDING GALE.

**B**ORNE on hope’s deluding gale,  
 Yon tall turrets I explore ;  
 Trembling fears and doubts assail,  
 As I tread the dang’rous shore.

Thus the sea-boy on the mast,

When he hears the howling storms,

Hopes to reach the strand at last,

Where fond love, with friendship, warms.

## HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

**A**H! where can fly my soul's true love?  
 Sad I wander this lone grove;  
 Sighs and tears for him I shed,  
 Henry is from Laura fled:  
 Thy love to me thou didst impart;  
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart;  
 But, dearest Henry! thou'lt betray'd  
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,  
 Sighing sad with pearly tears:  
 Oft thy image is my theme,  
 As I wander on the green:  
 See, from my cheek the colour flies,  
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;  
 For, oh, dear Henry! thou'lt betray'd  
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

## LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET.

**L**ET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry to the war;  
 Let glory re-echo the strain;  
 The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,  
 And heroes may smile on their pain.  
 The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,  
 And stagger about with his bowl;  
 On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,  
 And Wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve;  
 O give me the friend that I know to be true,  
 And the fair that I tenderly love!  
 What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame;  
 And riot the pleasure of wine:  
 What's riches but trouble? and title's a name;  
 But friendship and love are divine,

## THE FLOWING CAN.

**A** Sailor's life's a life of woe,  
 He works now late, now early,  
 Now up and down, now to and fro,  
 What then—he takes it cheerly :  
 Blest with a smiling can of grog,  
     If duty call,  
     Stand, rise, or fall,  
 To fate's last verge he'll jog ;  
     The cadge to weigh,  
     The sheets belay.  
 He does it with a wish,  
     To heave the lead,  
     Or to cat-head  
 The pond'rous anchor fish ;  
 For, while the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger's drown'd,  
     We despise it, to a man :  
 We sing a little, and laugh a little,  
 And work a little, and swear a little,  
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,  
     And swig the flowing can !  
  
 If howling winds and roaring seas  
     Give proof of coming danger,  
 We view the storm with hearts at ease,  
     For Jack's to fear a stranger.  
 Blest'd with the smiling grog we fly—  
     And now below  
     We headlong go,  
 Now rise on mountains high ;  
     Spite of the gale  
     We hand the sail,  
 Or take the needful reef ;  
     Or man the deck,  
     To clear some wreck,  
 To give the ship relief :  
     Though perils threat around,  
     All sense of danger's drown'd, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,  
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,  
 For, coming home, a sweet reward!  
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us :  
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff,  
     And, am'rous, toast  
     Her we love most,  
 And gayly sing and laugh :  
     The sails we furl,  
     Then, for each girl,  
 The petticoat display ;  
     The deck we clear,  
     Then three times cheer,  
 As we their charms survey ;  
     And then the grog goes round,  
     All sense of danger's drown'd, &c.

## THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

**S**TILL the lark finds repose  
 In the full-waving corn,  
 And the bee on the rose,  
 Though surrounded with thorn.

Never robb'd of their ease,  
 They are thoughtless and free ;  
 But no more gentle peace  
 Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still in search of delight,  
 Ev'ry pleasure they prove,  
 Ne'er tormented by pride,  
 Or the flights of fond love.

## NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

**F**ORC'D from home and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn,  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the swelling billows borne.

Why did all-creating nature  
Make the plant for which we toil?  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Endless care must dress the soil!

Is there, as you sometimes tell us,  
Is there one who reigns on high?  
Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from his throne the sky?  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons would undergo,  
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
Where his whirlwinds answer—No!

HITHER, MARY.

**H**ITHER, Mary, hither come,  
And taste with me the vernal bloom;  
Here the fragrant hawthorn blows,  
Here bloom the pink and blushing rose:  
Hither come, with me to prove  
The sweet delights of mutual love!

Hither, Mary, hither come,  
And make this bow'r thy peaceful home;  
Taste the bliss of rural ease,  
Matchless joys of love and peace.  
Hither come, &c.

Hither, Mary, hither come,  
No longer from thy lover roam;  
These delights, come, share with me,  
Nature smiles to welcome thee.  
Hither come, &c.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.

**C**OME buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell;  
Thro' London's fam'd city I'm known mighty  
well:



Though my heart is quite sunk, yet I constantly cry,  
Who'll buy my primroses ! who'll buy, who'll buy !

Friends and parents I've none ; I ne'er saw their face ;  
I wander about, the poor child of disgrace ;  
Yet, tho' poor, I am honest, and oft heave a sigh,  
While crying primroses. Who'll buy, who'll buy !

My equals despise me, and say I am proud,  
Because I avoid them, and keep from their crowd.  
From wicked temptations I ever will fly ;  
I live by primroses. Who'll buy, who'll buy !

Alone and unpity'd, I'm look'd on with scorn ;  
Ah ! better for me had I never been born :  
Here I sue for protection, while plaintive I cry,  
Who'll buy my primroses ! who'll buy, who'll buy !

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinbro' town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flow'rs did bloom, and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear :  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
Courtèd Jenny, making hay ;  
The lassie blush'd, and, frowning, cry'd, no, no, it  
wunna do !  
I conna, conna, munna, munna, wunna buckle to !

Young Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
Though long he had courtèd the lass  
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
And so merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily ;  
But still she blush'd, and, frowning, cry'd, &c.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and his herds were not few,

She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she would ever be true.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At church she no more, frowning, cry'd, &c.

#### CALEDONIAN MAID.

**O**H! say, have you my Mary seen,  
 The Caledonian maid?  
 Or heard the shepherds on the green  
 Say where my Mary's stray'd?  
 The damsel is of angel mien,  
 With sad and downcast eyes:  
 The shepherds call her Sorrow's Queen,  
 So pensively she sighs.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,  
 Or why her tears so flow,  
 In vain they press the lovely girl  
 The innate cause to know.  
 Ere reason form'd her tender mind,  
 The virgin learnt to love;  
 Compassion taught her to be kind;  
 Deceit she was above.

And, had not war's terrific voice  
 Forbid the nuptial bands,  
 Ere this had Sandy been her choice,  
 And Hymen join'd our hands:  
 But since the sword of war is sheath'd,  
 And peace resumes her charms,  
 My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd  
 Unto my Mary's arms.

#### THE HOLLOW DRUM.

**W**HEN the hollow drum has beat to bed,  
 When the little fifer hangs his head,

Still and mute  
 The Moorish flute,  
 And nodding guards watch wearily,  
 Then will we,  
 From prison free,  
 March out by moonlight cheerily.

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,  
 When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray,  
 The slaves in vain  
 May then complain  
 Of tyranny and knavery.  
 Would he know  
 His time to go,  
 And slyly slip from slavery,

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed, &c.  
 O then must he,  
 From prison free,  
 March out by moonlight cheerily.

#### THE HUMBLE ROOF.

**W**HEN first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove;  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.  
 By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd;  
 But when her lips the brim had press'd,  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh;  
 To them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,  
 What gold could never buy.  
 No value has a splendid lot,  
 Which has not means to prove,  
 That, from the castle to the cot,  
 The all of life is love.

## SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,  
 To quit each object of my infant care;  
 Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,  
 And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear:  
 Ah! but forgive me, pity'd let me part;  
 Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,  
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;  
 And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,  
 You still may greet me with a tender tear:  
 Ah! then forgive me, pity'd let me part;  
 Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

## COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I travers'd long,  
 Devoid of care and sorrow;  
 With lightsome heart and merry song,  
 I thought not of to-morrow:  
 But when Priscilla caught my eye,  
 Each pleasing charm array'd in,  
 I sigh'd, and sung, I knew not why,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

And would the charmer but be mine,  
 Sweet nymph, I'd so revere thee,  
 I'd gladly share my fate with thine,  
 And evermore be near thee:  
 Tho' gold may please the proud and great,  
 My heart with love is laden;  
 Then let us join in wedlock's state,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

O'er me and mine, come, mistress prove,  
 And then what ill can harm us:  
 Kind Hymen will each fear remove,  
 And spread each sweet to charm us:

Together we will live content,  
 And naught but love will trade in ;  
 So sweetly shall our lives be spent,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

## FRIENDSHIP.

**T**HE world, my dear Myra! is full of deceit,  
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet :  
 How strange does it seem that, in searching around,  
 This source of content is so rare to be found !  
 O Friendship, thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,  
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife,  
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,  
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,  
 On whom we may always with safety depend !  
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
 And griefs, when divided, be hush'd into peace.  
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,  
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere !  
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,  
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

The real friend's true value in this will appear—  
 In all turns of state he will equally share :  
 If you prosper he's happy, but, if you're distress,  
 No happiness enters his generous breast ;  
 His comforts he'll lavish to purchase you peace ;  
 Their value he flights if his friend's not at ease :  
 Then, Myra, forbear, nor all friendship disdain ;  
 For what richer jewel can mortals obtain ?

## THE LULLABY.

**P**EACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,  
 Seamen fear no danger nigh ;  
 The winds and waves, in gentle motion,  
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they descry;  
 The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,  
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

## SOLDIER'S RETURN.

**T**WAS in the ev'ning of a wintry day,  
 When, safe returning from a long campaign,  
 Allen, o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,  
 Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,  
 And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;  
 But she receiv'd him with a modest frown:  
 She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn;  
 His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;  
 A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,  
 And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd, by this cruel trade,  
 That you your faithful Allen have forgot?  
 Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?  
 Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot?

When this she heard, her wonted colour fled,  
 She ran, and sunk upon her Allen's breast,  
 All pale, a while she look'd like one that's dead;  
 He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love confess'd.

Oh! my delight, though alter'd as thou art,  
 Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait,  
 Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,  
 My long-lost husband, and my wish'd-for mate.

## INDIAN DEATH SONG.

**T**HE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
 But glory remains when their lights fade away;  
 C

Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow :  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :  
Why so slow ! do you wait till I shrink from my pain ?  
No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.  
Now the flame rises fast ! you exult in my pain ;  
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the death of his son :  
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain :  
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

'TIS said we vent'rous die-hards,  
When we leave the shore,  
Our friends should mourn,  
Lest we return,  
To blefs their fights, no more ;  
But this is all a notion  
Bold Jack can't understand ;  
Some die upon the ocean,  
And some die on the land.  
Then since 'tis clear,  
Howe'er we steer,  
No man's life's under his command,  
Let tempests howl,  
And billows roll,  
And danger prefs ;  
Of those in spite there are some joys  
Us jolly tars to blefs ;  
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,  
To drink to Poll and Befs.



One seaman hands the sails,  
 Another heaves the log,  
 The purser swops  
 Our pay for slops,  
 The landlord sells us grog.  
 Thus each man to his station,  
 To keep life's ship in trim,  
 What argufies 'noration?  
 The rest is fortune's whim :  
 Cheerly, my hearts,  
 Then play your parts,  
 Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;  
 The mighty surge  
 May ruin urge,  
 And danger prefs ;  
 Of those in spite there are some joys  
 Us jolly tars to blefs ;  
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,  
 To drink to Poll and Befs.

For all the world, just like  
 The ropes on board a ship,  
 Each man's rigg'd out  
 A vessel stout,  
 To take for life a trip.  
 The shrouds and stays and braces  
 Are joys and hopes and fears ;  
 The halliards, sheets, and braces,  
 (Still as each passion veers,  
 And whim prevails,)  
 Direct the sails,  
 As on the sea of life he steers :  
 Then let the storm  
 Heav'n's face deform,  
 And danger prefs ;  
 Of those in spite there are some joys  
 All jolly tars to blefs ;  
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,  
 To drink to Poll and Befs.

DICKEY GOSSIP.

WHEN I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd  
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;  
 I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentift,  
 Then taylor, good Lord ! then an apothecary :  
 But for this trade or that—  
 Why, they all come as pat,  
 They all come as pat as they can :  
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,  
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,  
 Dickey Gossip, Dickey Gossip is the man.

Though taylor and dentift but awkwardly tether,  
 In both the vocations I still have my favings ;  
 And two of my trades couple rarely together—  
 For barbers and carpenters both deal in shavings :  
 So for this trade or that, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various ;  
 I fancy they happen to some who are prouder.  
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,  
 A terrible dose of my best shaving powder :  
 But no matter for that—  
 My trades come as pat, &c.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,  
 Alas ! are the children of sorrow ;  
 And, though brisk and merry to-day,  
 We all may be wretched to-morrow :  
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain ;  
 Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,  
 Left pleasure should only bring pain,  
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know  
 Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure,  
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,  
 Oh ! taste not the dangerous pleasure.

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,  
 Thus riches and health are a bubble,  
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,  
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,  
 Which on earth would be nearest to heaven,  
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife  
 To whom truth and honour are given :  
 But honour and truth are so rare,  
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,  
 That, with all my respect for the fair,  
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears, from these premises, plain  
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,  
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,  
 And that joy is your true melancholy ;  
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,  
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,  
 And that, since we must all of us die,  
 We should taste no enjoyment whilst living.

TIPPLING WILLY.

WILLY, after courting long,  
 Marry'd me on Sunday ;  
 All that day I-held my tongue,  
 But scolded him on Monday :  
 Tuesday I grew dull and sad,  
 We'n'fday pass'd in scorning,  
 Thursday drove me nearly mad—  
 But Friday—what a morning !  
 Till at length that balm of life,  
 Money, brought a better day ;  
 So we liv'd like man and wife,  
 Kissing sweet on Saturday.

Willy next began the week,  
 Tippling all the Sunday,

Therefore I, provok'd to speak,  
 Did scold him well on Monday;  
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,  
 We'n'sday, lubber lazy;  
 Thursday having mended not,  
 Friday drove me crazy:  
 Though I hop'd the fool would think  
 Wiser on the latter day,  
 Not a fous, for meat or drink,  
 Earnt he on the Saturday.

Bent at last to change my plan  
 Ev'ry future Sunday,  
 For 'twas plain I first began  
 Wrong upon the Monday;  
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,  
 We'n'sday was indulgent;  
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,  
 And Friday shone refulgent.  
 Chasing thus corroding strife,  
 Ev'ry day's a better day;  
 Joy and pleasure cheering life,  
 From Saturday to Saturday.

#### SAILOR'S WAT'RY GRAVE.

**W**HILE o'er the raging, roaring seas,  
 The sailor's heart is sore oppress'd;  
 While landsmen safe, in health and ease,  
 For wives and children we've no rest!  
 To them, perhaps, ne'er shall return;  
 Our little savings cannot save;  
 But we are lost, and they long mourn  
 The sailor's cold, cold wat'ry grave!

Kind landsmen, oh! reflect a while  
 The awful scenes that us befall;  
 On sailors' orphans cast a smile,  
 Poor hearts! should they for pity call.

To them, perhaps, ne'er to return;  
 Our little savings cannot save;  
 But we are lost, and they long mourn  
 The sailor's cold, cold wat'ry grave!

DULL CARE.

**B**EGONE, dull care,  
 I prithee, begone from me!  
 Begone, dull care;  
 Thou and I shall never agree!  
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;  
 But, i' faith, dull care,  
 Thou never shalt have thy will!

Too much care  
 Will make a young man gray;  
 And too much care  
 Will turn an old man to clay:  
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,  
 So merrily pass the day;  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things  
 To drive dull care away.

TOM BOWLING.

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew!  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For death has broach'd him too.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
 Ah! many's the time and oft;  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word—to pipe all hands,  
 Thus Death, who tars and kings dispatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doft,  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

PUSH ABOUT THE BRISK BOWL.

**P**USH about the brisk bowl; 'twill enliven the  
 heart,

While thus we sit round on the grafs!  
 The lover who talks of his fuff'rings and smart—  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The man who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And wishes to add to the mafs,  
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The beau who so smart, with his well powder'd hair,  
 An angel beholds in his glass,  
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;  
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
 Claps the horns of an ox on the afs.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
 With forehead well fronted with brafs,  
 Though he talks to no purpose he pockets your fee,  
 There you, my good friend, are an afs.

The formal phyſician, who knows every ill,  
 Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs :—  
 The ſick man awhile may confide in his ſkill,  
 But death proves the doctor an aſs.

Then let us, companions ! be jovial and gay—  
 By turns take our bottle and laſs,  
 For he who his pleaſures puts off for a day,  
 Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP.

**L**IFE's like a ſhip in conſtant motion,  
 Sometimes high and ſometimes low,  
 Where ev'ry hand muſt brave the ocean,  
 Whatſoever winds do blow :  
 If unaffail'd by ſtorm or ſhower,  
 Waſted by the gentle gales,  
 Let's not loſe the fav'ring hour,  
 Whiliſt ſucceſs attends our fails.

And if the wayward winds ſhould bluſter,  
 Let us not give way to fear,  
 But let us all our patience muſter,  
 And learn, from reaſon, how to ſteer :  
 Let judgment keep you ever ſteady,  
 That's a ballaſt never fails ;  
 If dangers riſe, be ever ready  
 To manage well the ſwelling fails.

Truſt not too much your own opinion,  
 Whiliſt your veſſel's under way ;  
 Let good example bear dominion,  
 That's a compaſs will not ſtray :  
 When thund'ring tempeſts make you ſhudder,  
 And Boreas o'er the ſurface rails,  
 Let good diſcretion guide the rudder,  
 And Providence unbend the fails.

And when you're, ſafe from danger, riding  
 In ſome welcome port or bay,



Let Hope be the anchor you confide in,  
 And care a while in slumbers lay;  
 Then, when each can's with liquor flowing,  
 And good fellowship prevails,  
 Let each heart, with rapture glowing,  
 Drink success unto our sails.

## BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

**B**LOW high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The main-mast by the board—  
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear—  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes once more to be on shore  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And the surge, roaring from below,  
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song,  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
 The mem'ry of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip, renew,  
 And toast their sweethearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;  
 And, as the ship rolls through the sea,  
 The burthen of my song shall be,  
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

## WHAT CATO ADVISES.

**W**HAT Cato advises, most certainly, wise is,  
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;  
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,  
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,  
His bags to increase—while his health does decay,  
Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,  
And pass the long evening in pleasure away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,  
With some tender fair each bright bumper is  
crown'd;

Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus unites us,  
While Care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See, here's our physician! we know no ambition—  
But, where there's good wine and good company  
found,

Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,  
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR. *pretty*

**M**y mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,  
Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor;  
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,  
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite;  
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;  
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home, with delight,  
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer;  
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;  
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear  
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

LOVE.

**L**OVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,  
Source of all sublime delights,  
Which, with mutual inclination,  
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,  
 If compar'd with true content?  
 That false joy, which now bewitches,  
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,  
 But a chaste and constant love  
 Is a glorious emulation  
 Of the blissful state above.

#### OLD ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.

**T**HRO' winds and waves, in days that are no  
 more,  
 I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;  
 In pitch-dark nights, my reck'ning prov'd so true,  
 I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew:  
 And when, for fight, the signal high was shewn,  
 Thro' fire and smoke old Boreas straight bore down.  
 But now my timbers are not fit for sea—  
 Old England's wooden walls the toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,  
 We rul'd the deep in spite of envious foes;  
 And still aloft, through worlds combin'd, we rise;  
 Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.  
 In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,  
 We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.  
 Oh, would my timbers now were fit for sea!  
 Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.





## APOLLO'S LYRE.

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### Part Second.

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#### THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are  
begun !

The confusion but hear, " I bet-you, Sir," " Done,  
done !"

Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear ;  
Whilst, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,  
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching  
his breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch  
rush

Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;  
Thro' marsh, fen, and briar, led by their fly prey,  
They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way ;

D

While alike born for sports of the field and the course,  
Always sure to come thro'—a staunch and fleet horse:  
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath—  
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up—and turn'd out of the stud;  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some  
blood,

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd  
that race ;

And 'what matches he won, too, the hostlers count  
o'er.

As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door;  
While the harness fore-galls, and the spurs his sides  
goad,

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on'to his fate!  
Blind, old, lame, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands  
still:

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view  
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,  
While a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds—  
The high-mettled racer—is sold for the hounds.

TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

**I** Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy ;  
My jib ! how she smack'd thro' the breeze !  
She's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,  
As ever sail'd on the salt seas :  
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,  
Our girls, and our dear native shore,  
For, if some hard rock we should split on,  
We shall never see them any more.  
But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,

Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
 And where the gale drives we must go.  
 When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,  
 I verily thought she'd have funk,  
 For, the wind so began for to alter,  
 She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk :  
 The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,  
 Helm-a-weather! the hoarse boatswain cries,  
 Brace the fore-fail athwart! see, she quivers,  
 As before the rough tempest she flies!  
 But failors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,  
 As black just as pitch was the sky,  
 When truly a doleful disaster  
 Befel three poor failors and I :  
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,  
 By a blast that came furious and hard,  
 Just while we were furling the mainfail,  
 Were swept, ev'ry soul, from the yard.  
 But failors, &c.

Poor Sam, Ben, and Dick cry'd, peccavi—  
 But I, at the risk of my neck,  
 While they funk down in peace to Old Davy,  
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck :  
 Well, what would you have—we were stranded,  
 And, out of a fine jolly crew  
 Of three hundred that fail'd, never landed  
 But me and, I think, twenty-two.  
 But failors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,  
 Another-guess way sat the wind,  
 For to England I came, and got married  
 To a lass that was comely and kind :  
 But whether for joy or vexation—  
 We know not for what we are born ;  
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,  
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.  
 But failors, &c.

WHAT DID I AIL?

**A**T sixteen years old you could get little good  
of me;

Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me  
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,  
Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas, dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?  
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan;  
Told him my case—made an end—then began again:  
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,  
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what the mat-  
ter be?

Both cry'd, what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again;  
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:  
Gave me a kiss! och, zounds! that threw me worse  
again!

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?  
Both cry'd, what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail!

'Tis long ago, now, since I left Tipperary—  
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!  
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,  
I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter be?  
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail!



## LOVE.

**H**OW imperfect is expression,  
 Some emotions to impart!  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seek to hide the heart!  
 When our bosoms, all complying,  
 With delicious tumults swell  
 And beat—what broken, falt'ring, dying,  
 Language would but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
 Quite expressive, paints my cheek;  
 Ask no more—behold your error;  
 Blushes eloquently speak:  
 What though silent is my anguish,  
 Or breath'd only to the air;  
 Mark my eyes, and, as they languish,  
 Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,  
 Once my heart's strong feelings view!  
 Love has naught more fond, believe me;  
 Friendship nothing half so true:  
 From you, I am wild—despairing,  
 With you, speechless, as I touch;  
 This is all that bears declaring,  
 And, perhaps, declares too much.

## JEM OF ABERDEEN.

**T**HE tunefu' lavrocks cheer the grove,  
 And sweetly smells the simmer green  
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,  
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.  
 Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,  
 Or wander o'er the lee,  
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,  
 Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,  
 The blithest lad of a' the green;  
 How sweet the time will pass away  
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen!  
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,  
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,  
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot  
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.  
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

FARMER BLACKBERRY.

**E**RE around the huge oak, that o'er shadows yon  
 mill,  
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;  
 Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,  
 Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time to a far-distant date,  
 When my forefathers toil'd in this field:  
 And the farm I now hold, on your honour's estate,  
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
 Which, unfully'd, descended to me;  
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with  
 shame,  
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

OLD TOWLER.

**B**RIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
 And spangles deck the thorn,  
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
 The lark springs from the corn:  
 Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,  
 Fleet Towler leads the cry;

“ Arise,” the burthen of their song,  
 “ This day a stag must die !”  
 With a hey ho chivey,  
 Hark forward, tantivy !

The cordial takes its merry round,  
 The laugh and joke prevail,  
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
 The dogs snuff up the gale :  
 The upland winds they sweep along,  
 O'er fields, through brakes we fly,  
 The game is rous'd—too true the song,  
 “ This day a stag must die !”  
 With a hey ho chivey, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face ;  
 The huntsman's pleasures are no more,  
 His joys were in the chase :  
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,  
 The virgin game in view,  
 Are full content to run them down,  
 Then they in turn pursue.  
 With their hey ho chivey, &c.

I'D THINK ON THEE, MY LOVE.

**I**N storms, when clouds obscure the sky,  
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly ;  
 In midst of all these dire alarms,  
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms :  
     The troubled main,  
     The wind and rain  
 My ardent passion prove ;  
     Lash'd to the helm,  
     Should seas o'erwhelm,  
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
 And art is vain the ship to guide ;

In varied shapes when death appears,  
The thought of thee my bosom cheers :  
The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind—  
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,  
And waft me to thy arms once more,  
Safe to my long-lost native shore—  
No more the main  
I'd tempt again,  
But tender joys improve ;  
I then with thee  
Should happy be,  
And think on naught but love.

FROM MORN TO NIGHT.

FROM morn to night I take my glass,  
In hopes to forget my Chloe ;  
But, though I take the pleasing draught,  
She's ne'er the less before me :  
Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure  
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain  
Her beauteous charms created ;  
But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
And love would not be cheated.  
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

TWEED SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose,  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the lang day?  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs shall lull her to rest:  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the fast pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell:  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do the flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

## MARIA.

**T**WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,  
 Under a poplar tree,  
 Maria chose her wretched seat,  
 To mourn her sorrows free:  
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,  
 As dawn at op'ning day;  
 But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,  
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,  
 In murmurs smooth along;

Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,  
 Had now forgot its song :  
 No more to charm the vale she tries,  
 For grief has fill'd her breast,  
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize ;  
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold  
 Thy sorrows so severe,  
 And hear thy love-lorn story told,  
 Without a falling tear ?  
 Maria, luckless maid, adieu !  
 Thy sorrows soon must cease ;  
 For Heav'n will take a maid so true  
 To everlasting peace.

## INKLE AND YARICO.

**O** Say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion  
 Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean ?  
 When winds whistle shrilly, ah ! won't they remind  
 you  
 To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you ?

Ah ! no, I will follow, and sail the world over,  
 Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover !  
 The winds which blow round us, your arms for my  
 pillow,  
 Will lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each bil-  
 low.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying  
 A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying ?  
 I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land nar-  
 rows,  
 And sling all my cares at my back, with my arrows.

O say then, my true-love, we never will sunder,  
 Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thun-  
 der,

While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,  
And journey all over the world both together.

"HARK! HARK, AWAY!"

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
I put on my clothes, and I call'd for my groom;  
Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,  
Which lively and mettlesome frisk'd o'er the grounds.  
And now we're all saddled—Fleet, Dapple, and  
Grey  
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, "Hark,  
away!"

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn,  
When we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn—  
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Goose—  
When, all on a sudden, out starts Mistress Puss:  
Men, horses, and Dogs—not a moment would stay,  
And Echo was heard to cry, "Hark! hark, away!"

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
Which she doubled and doubled, and doubled again,  
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,  
And I and Will Whistle were in at the death:  
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did display,  
And cry'd to the horns—"My boys, hark! hark,  
away!"

#### BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-ey'd Susan came on board—  
"Oh! where shall I my true-love find?  
"Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,  
"If my sweet William sail among your crew!"

William was high upon the yard,  
Rock'd by the billows to and fro;



Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :  
 'The cords glide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,)  
 And drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !  
 " My vows shall ever true remain ;  
 " Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 " We only part to meet again.  
 " Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be  
 " The faithful compass that still points at thee.

" Regard not what the landmen say,  
 " Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;  
 " They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 " In ev'ry port a mistress find :  
 " Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,  
 " For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

" If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 " Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;  
 " Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 " Thy skin is ivory so white :  
 " Thus ev'ry beauteous object, that I view,  
 " Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battles call me from thy arms,  
 " Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
 " Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harm,  
 " William shall to his dear return :  
 " Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 " Lest precious tears should fall from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,  
 No longer must she stay on board ;  
 They kiss'd : she sigh'd—he hung his head.  
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land—  
 " Adieu !" she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

## IRISH DRINKING SONG.

OF the ancients it's spaking, my soul, you'd be  
 after,  
 That they never got how come you so ;  
 Would you fariously make the good folks die with  
 laughter,  
 To be sure their dog's-tricks we don't know.  
 Wid your smallilow, nonsense, and all your queer  
 boderns,  
 Since whisky's a liquor divine,  
 To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,  
 Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,  
 Would swig till as drunk as a beast ;  
 Then what do you think of that rogue Epicurus ?  
 Was not he a tight hand at a feast ?

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,  
 When he no more worlds could subdue,  
 Shed tears, to be sure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,  
 To refresh him—and pray would not you ?

Then that t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,  
 Such a dev'l of a tippler was he,  
 That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,  
 The taef stagger'd into the sea.

Then they made what they call'd of their wine a li-  
 bation,  
 Which, as all authority quotes,

They threw on the ground—Musha! what bode-  
ration!

To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.

FAIR HEBE.

**F**AIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design,  
To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em  
in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,  
I came for your counsel to find out a fault:

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came;  
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,  
While she darts, like lightning, thro' each throbbing  
vein?

My senses, surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,  
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

HOOT, AWA', YE LOON!

**W**HEN weary Sol gang'd down the west,  
And filler Cynthia rose,

The flow'r-enamell'd banks I pres'd,  
Where chrystal Eden flows:

Young Jockey sat him by my side—

I kenn'd his meaning soon;

He ask'd a kiss—I scornful cry'd,

Ah! hoot, awa', ye loon!

“ Dear Peggy, din ye flout a youth,  
 Or gi’ that bosom pain,  
 Which pants wi’ honour, and wi’ truth,  
 To tak thee for its ain ?”  
 Then on his pipe he sweetly play’d  
 A maist delightful tune ;  
 But na mair words to him I said,  
 Than, hoot, awa’, ye loon !

He said Mefs John should us unite,  
 If I to kirk wad gang ;  
 My bosom beat wi’ new delight,  
 Wi’ him I went alang.  
 The bonny lad I found sincere,  
 Not waning, like the moon ;  
 So dear I loo him, I na mair  
 Will, “ hoot, awa’, ye loon !”

THE MATCH BOY.

**Y**E wealthy and proud, as in splendour ye roll,  
 Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry and wan :  
 And learn, tho’ now doom’d to misfortune’s control,  
 He springs, like yourselves, from the fountain of  
 man.  
 So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,  
 Dejected he roams, in a sad ragged plight ;  
 Then, oh ! give a mite to the poor little boy  
 Who cries, “ Buy my matches !” from morning  
 to night.

Remember, though luxury cloys you by day,  
 And pampers you nightly on pillows of down,  
 Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,  
 Obscuring your pleasures with poverty’s frown.  
 While apathy’s flint and cold steel you employ,  
 The tinder of feeling you never can light,  
 Nor e’er give a mite to the poor little boy  
 Who cries, “ Buy my matches !” from morning  
 to night.

And you, ye proud fair of this ocean-girt land,  
 With beauty external so gifted by fate;  
 Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,  
 Prove also your mental endowments are great.  
 The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,  
 Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight;  
 Then, oh! give a might to the poor little boy  
 Who cries, " Buy my matches!" from morning  
 to night.

## BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

**B**RIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,  
 And the hounds and the horns call each sports-  
 man away;  
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now  
 they bound,  
 While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.  
 Hark, away! is the word to the sound of the horn,  
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.  
 Each hill, and each valley, is lovely to view,  
 While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue:  
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain,  
 And the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain!  
 At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,  
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death.  
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field:  
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

## THE STORM.

**C**EASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!  
 Lift, ye landmen all, to me;  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea.  
 From bounding billows, first in motion  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,

To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—

- “ By topfail sheets and hallyards stand !
- “ Down top-gallants—quick !—be hauling !
- “ Down your stayfails hand, boys, hand !
- “ Now it freshens—set the braces ;
- “ Quick the topfail-sheets let go ;
- “ Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
- “ Up your topfails nimbly clew !”

Now all you on down beds sporting,

Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,  
Free from all but love's alarms—

Round us roars the tempest louder,  
Think what fear each mind enthral's ;  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;  
Now again the boatswain calls :

- “ The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys !
- “ See all clear to reef each course !
- “ Let go the fore-sheets ; do not mind, boys,
- “ Though the weather should be worse.
- “ Fore and aft the spritfail-yard set,
- “ Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
- “ Hand up !—each preventer brace set,
- “ Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !”

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !

Peals on peals contending clash !  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !  
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !

One wide water all around us,

All above us—one black sky !  
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us—  
Hark ! what means yon' dreadful cry ?

- “ The fore-mast's gone !” cries ev'ry tongue out,
- “ O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck :

" A leak beneath the chelstree's sprung out ;  
 " Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 " Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !  
 " Come, my hearts, be stout and bold :  
 " Plumb the well—the leak increases ;  
 " Four feet water's in the hold !"

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
 We for wives and children mourn ;  
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;  
 Alas ! to them there's no return.  
 Still the leak is gaining on us ;  
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below :  
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !  
 Only that can save us now !

" O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;  
 " Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
 " To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys ;  
 " See ! our mizen-mast is gone.  
 " The leak we've found—it cannot pour fast ;  
 " We've lighten'd her a foot, or more ;  
 " Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;  
 " She rights ! she rights ! boys, we're off shore."

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
 Since kind Fortune has spar'd our lives :  
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it——  
 Close to the lips a brimmer join.  
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?  
 None !—our danger's drown'd in wine.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

**W**HEN first I saw the graceful move,  
 Ah, me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?  
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love ;  
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.



Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,  
 Though hopeless of a warm return,  
 Yet kill me not with cold despair,  
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles, assuage the pain  
 Those gentle-smiles did first create;  
 And, though you cannot love again,  
 In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

HENRY IS TRUE.

**T**HOUGH prudence may press me,  
 And duty distress me,  
 Against inclination, ah! what shall I do?  
 No longer a rover,  
 His follies are over,  
 My heart, my fond heart, says, my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,  
 From sweet to sweet ranging,  
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;  
 With raptures possessing  
 In one ev'ry blessing,  
 Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

GANG WI' ME.

**T**O speer my love wi' glances fair,  
 The woodland laddie came;  
 He vow'd he would be ay sincere,  
 And thus he spake his flame:  
 The morn is blithe, my bonny fair,  
 As blithe as blithe can be;  
 To the greenwood gang, my lassie dear,  
 To the greenwood gang wi' me.

The lad wi' love was sa oppress'd,  
 I wad na say him nay;  
 My lips he kiss'd, my hand he press'd,  
 While tripping o'er the bray:

Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,  
And blithe as blithe can be ;  
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the greenwood gang wi' me.

The bridal day is come to pass,  
Sic joy was never seen ;  
Now I am call'd the woodland lass,  
The woodland laddie's queen :  
I bless the morn so fresh and fair,  
I told my mind so free ;  
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the greenwood gang wi' me.

DESPONDING NEGRO.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the lion's now  
roaring,  
With freedom stalks forth, the vast desert exploring,  
I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd as a slave,  
In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.

Spare a halfpenny ! spare a halfpenny !  
Oh, spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro !

Toss'd on the wide main, I, all wildly despairing,  
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck, with my eye-balls  
wide glaring,  
When the lightning's dread blast struck the inlets of  
day,  
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing  
Of gain, by my sale—not a blind bargain chusing,  
As my value, compar'd with my keeping, was light,  
Had me dash'd overboard, in the dead of the night.

And but for a bark, to Britannia's coast bound then,  
All my cares, by that plunge in the deep, had been  
drown'd then ;

But, by moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from  
the wave,  
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.

How disastrous my fate! freedom's ground though  
I tread now,  
Torn from home, wife, and children, and wand'ring  
for bread now,

While seas roll between us, which ne'er can be cross'd,  
And hope's distant glimm'rings in darkness are lost.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and the  
pond'rer  
Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wand'  
d'rer,

The European's deep dye may out-rival the snow,  
And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.

#### ROUSE, BROTHER SPORTSMEN.

**C**OME rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all  
cry,

We've got a strong scent and a favouring sky;  
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,  
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,  
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase;  
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,  
And if you refuse her, perhaps, she may frown;  
But tell her, sweet love must to hunting give place,  
For, as well as her charms, there are charms in the  
chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly,  
They seize on their prey, see, his eye-balls they roll,  
We're in at the death, now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,  
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
 To George peace and glory may heaven dispense,  
 And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

## POOR TOM.

**T**HEN farewell my trim-built wherry,  
 Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell!  
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry  
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and fear a stranger,  
 In the battle's heat I'll go,  
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when, homewards steering,  
 With the news my messmates come;  
 Even you, the story hearing,  
 With a sigh, may cry—Poor Tom!

## THE IRISHMAN'S JOURNEY.

**W**HEN I took my departure from Dublin's  
 sweet town,  
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I did  
 plow,  
 For four long days I was tofs'd up and down,  
 Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow:  
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, fir,  
 I clung, like a cat, a fast hold to keep, fir,  
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,  
 fir;  
 Oh! I never thought more to sing Langolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,  
 Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight;  
 Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,  
 When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light,

As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,  
The first step I took, I was in such a totter,  
That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water ;  
Oh ! there was no time to sing Langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,  
And my stomach and bowels did grumble and  
growl,

I thought the best way to get each in good humour,  
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my foul.  
So I went to a house where roast meat they provide,  
fir,

With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, fir,  
Which grinds all their smoke into powder besides, fir.

'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,  
That set sail for London each night in the week,  
To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,

As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek :—  
But as for the inside, I'd not cash in my casket,  
Says I, with your leave, I make bold, fir, to ask it,  
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the  
basket ?

For there I can ride, and sing Langolee.

When making his mouth up, the basket, says he, fir,  
Goes after the coach a full hour or two ;

Very well, fir, says I, that's the thing then for me, fir,  
But the devil a word that he told me was true :

For, tho' one went before and the other behind, fir,  
They set off cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time, fir,  
So the same day at night I set out by moon-shine, fir,  
All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,  
That serves us with lamp-light, each night in the  
dark ;

While the sun only shines in the day, which, by na-  
ture,

Needs no light at all—as you all may remark :

But as for the moon—by my soul I'll be bound, fir,  
It would save the whole nation a great many pounds,  
fir,  
To subscribe to light him up all the year round, fir,  
Or I'll never sing more about Langoolee.

OH! NANNY.

O H! Nanny, wilt thou fly with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the charming town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and russet gown?  
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,  
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,  
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nanny, when thou'rt far awa',  
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
Oh! can that soft and gentlest mien  
Severest hardships learn to bear,  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen wi' me to gae;  
Or, when mishap thy fwain shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of wae?  
And, when invading pains befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou, o'er his much-lov'd clay,  
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,

Nor, then, regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

## HERO AND LEANDER.

**L**EANDER on the bay  
Of Hellepont all naked flood;  
Impatient of delay,  
He leap'd into the fatal flood:  
The raging seas,  
Whom none can please,  
'Gainst him their malice shew;  
The heavens low'r'd,  
The rain down pour'd,  
And loud the winds did blow.

Then, casting round his eyes,  
Thus of his fate he did complain,  
Ye cruel rocks and skies!  
Ye stormy winds, and angry main!  
What 'tis to miss  
The lover's bliss,  
Alas! ye do not know;  
Make me your wreck,  
As I come back,  
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tow'r  
Where my beloved Hero lies,  
And this th' appointed hour  
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
To his fond suit  
The gods were mute;  
The billows answer, no:  
Up to the skies  
The surges rise,  
But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,  
Divided 'twixt her care and love,



Now does his stay upbraid ;  
 Now dreads he should the passage prove.  
 O Fate ! said she,  
 Nor heav'n nor thee  
 Our vows shall e'er divide !  
 I'd leap this wall,  
 Could I but fall  
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun  
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,  
 That Hero was undone ;  
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.  
 Said she, I'll shew,  
 Though we are two,  
 Our loves were ever one :  
 This proof I'll give—  
 I will not live,  
 Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leap'd  
 Into the raging seas to him,  
 Courting each wave she met,  
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim.  
 The sea-gods wept,  
 Nor longer kept  
 Her from her lover's side :  
 When join'd at last,  
 She grasp'd him fast,  
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

#### ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray  
 Arose, and sung his rural lay :  
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,

While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing;  
Awake, and join the vocal throng,  
And hail the morning with a song:  
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
O bid her haste and come away;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O, hark! my love, on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay!  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song:  
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
For rapture darts from Nanny's eyes;  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine:  
O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring;  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

#### HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

**H**OW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound  
and horn,  
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn!  
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,  
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with dis-  
dain;

In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies—  
Though Daphne's pursu'd—'tis Myrtillo that dies.

## POOR JACK.

**G**O patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,  
'Bout danger and fear, and the like;  
A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,  
And it en't to a little I'll strike:  
Though the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth  
should smite,  
And shiver each splinter of wood—  
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry  
thing tight,  
And under reef'd forefails we'll scud.  
Avast! and don't think me a milk-sop so soft,  
To be taken for trifles aback;  
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,  
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;  
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay—  
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:  
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
Without orders that come down below;  
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me  
That Providence takes us in tow:  
For, says he, d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft  
Take the top-lifts of sailors aback,  
There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, (for you see she would cry,)  
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,  
What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?  
Why, what a great fool must you be!  
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room  
for us all,  
Both seamen and lubbers ashore;

And if to Old Davy I go, my friend Poll,  
 Why, you never will hear of me more!  
 What then?—all's a hazard—come don't be so soft,  
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;  
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to  
 flinch,

From the moment the anchor's atrip.  
 As to me in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,  
 Nought's a trouble, from duty that springs;  
 My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,  
 And as for my life—'tis the king's!  
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,  
 As with grief to be taken aback;  
 For the same little cherub, that sits up aloft,  
 Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

#### CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

**D**ID you ever hear of Captain Wattle?  
 He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.  
 We know not, tho' pains we have ta'en to inquire,  
 If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire;  
 If to him was the centre of gravity known,  
 The longitude, or the philosopher's stone;  
 Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,  
 Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle;  
 But this we have learnt, with great labour and pain,  
 That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer,  
 She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.  
 We know not, for certainty, her education,  
 If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation;  
 At cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers, or voles,  
 Or, at dinner, loved pig, or a steak on the coals;

Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thelestria,  
 Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins, or Velltris;  
 But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,  
 That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend  
 on't;

He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,  
 Which, of government when she would fain hold the  
 bridle,

He took special caution should never lie idle:  
 So, like most married folks, 'twas, my plague and  
 my chicken,

And sometimes a-kissing, and sometimes a-kicking.  
 Then, for comfort, a cordial she'd now and then try,  
 Alternately bunging or piping her eye:  
 And these facts of this couple does the history contain;  
 For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

#### MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;  
 Then soft and low a voice was heard  
 Say, " Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye.

" O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
 We tofs'd upon the raging main;

And long we strove our bark to save—  
 But all our striving was in vain :  
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee :  
 The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more.”  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled ;  
 No more of Sandy could she see ;  
 But soft the passing spirit said,  
 “ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.”

HUSH, EV'RY BREEZE !

**H**USH, ev'ry breeze ! let nothing move,  
 My Delia sings, and sings of love :  
 Around the winning graces wait,  
 And calm contentment guards the seat.

In the sweet shade, my Delia, stay,  
 You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May :  
 The sun now rages in his noon ;  
 'Tis pity, sure, to part so soon !

Oh ! hear me, Delia, hear me now,  
 Inline propitious to my vow ;  
 So may thy charms no changes prove,  
 But bloom for ever, like my love.

NO FLOW'R THAT BLOWS.

**N**O flow'r that blows  
 Is like this rose,  
 Or scatters such perfume ;  
 Upon my breast,  
 Ah ! gently rest,  
 And ever, ever, bloom !

Dear pledge, to prove  
 A parent's love,  
 A pleasing gift thou art!  
 Come, sweetest flow'r,  
 And, from this hour,  
 Live henceforth in my heart.

## THE HEIRESS.

WHO hunt after fortune, attend,  
 And ye who make beauty your game;  
 To me your attention pray lend,  
 I'm an heirefs of fortune and fame:  
 "An heirefs! hark forward!" they cry,  
 Pursu'd by the young and the old;  
 O'er hedges and ditches they fly,  
 To come within view of my gold:  
 While I, like the poor timid hare,  
 When she first hears the horn's distant lay,  
 Start, double, and run without care,  
 "Stole away!" they all cry, "stole away!"

An Irish young hunter gave chase,  
 O dear— but he'd make me his wife;  
 Or 'twould be, when dead, my sad case,  
 To lead little apes all my life:  
 "An heirefs! hark forward!" his cry,  
 No danger his love should dismay,  
 After breaking his neck, he would try  
 To hunt me to death his own way:  
 While I, like the poor timid hare, &c.

But I've a young man in my eye,  
 Not you, sir, no, no, sir, nor you;  
 On him I may safely rely,  
 He keeps me at all times in view:  
 "An heirefs! hark forward!" they cry,  
 Yet that had not power to charm;  
 'Twas love, I'll not strive to deny,  
 A love that was gen'rous and warm:



I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,  
When she first hears, &c.

THE SUMMER HEATS.

THE summer heats bestowing  
Their influence on the rose,  
Perfect its charms while blowing,  
And ev'ry charm disclose;  
Yet summer suns denying  
The zephyr and the show'r,  
Their fervid glow applying,  
Destroy their fav'rite show'r.

The lovesick heart, requiring  
The sunshine of success,  
Continual bliss desiring,  
Yet sick'ning with excess,  
The fond, the secret tear—  
Soft passion, keeps alive;  
The breath of doubt—of fear—  
Like zephyrs, bid it thrive.

SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant,  
so jolly,  
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle  
and sing;  
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,  
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.  
One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main-sail,  
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-shore,  
Jack went aloft for to hand the top-ga'nt-sail,  
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him  
more.  
But grieving's a folly,  
Come, let us be jolly,  
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures  
on shore.

Whiffing Tom, full of mischief or fun in the middle,  
Thro' life, in all weathers, at random would jog,  
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,

And swig, with an air, his allowance of grog;  
'Longside of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,  
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,  
In and out, Whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,  
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him  
more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,  
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;  
If ever one tar was more true than another  
To his friend and his duty, that sailör was he:  
One day, with the David, to heave the kedgè anchor,  
Ben went in the boat, on a bold craggy shore;  
He overboard tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,  
Soon nipp'd him in two, and we ne'er saw him  
more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads—shall we be down-hearted,  
Because that, mayhap, we now take the last sup;  
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,  
And death, in fast mooring, will bring us all up:  
But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother,  
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,  
But by battle, or storm, or some strange thing or  
other,  
He's popp'd off the books, and we neer see him  
more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

#### NORAH'S COMPLAINT.

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly  
sing,  
So gayly they carol the praises of spring;

Though nature rejoices, poor Norah must mourn,  
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin ! ah, hide your gay charms !  
Nor lure my dear Partick from Norah's fond arms ;  
Though satins, and ribands, and laces are fine,  
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

#### THE COUNTRY CLUB.

**N**OW we're all met together,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
Let's moisten well our clay ;  
Before we think of jogging,  
Let's take a cheerful noggin ;  
Where's the waiter ?—ring away !  
Come, now the glees and catches,  
Tobacco, pipes, and matches,  
With plenty of brown stout ;  
Yet, the glasses ere we start 'em,  
We'll proceed *secundum artem* ;  
Let the clerk the names call out !

[*Spoken.*]---Members of the Quizical Society, answer to your names !---Farmer Skroggin !---Here ! (*morosely*)---Butcher Dick !---Here ! (*hoarsely*)---Taylor Tit !---Here ! Don't you see me here in the corner ? (*effeminately.*)---

Here's to you, Master Higgins !  
Here's to you, Master Wiggins !  
Push the beer about !

Come, tell us what the news is ;  
Who wins, and who loses ;  
Of the times what people say.  
Hard, hard the landlord racks us ;  
Then there's such a load of taxes !  
Indeed !—Well, and how goes hay ?  
Why, now there's Master Wiseman,  
He told the exciseman  
The cause of this pother and rout—

Order! order and sobriety!

The Rules of the Society!

Let the secretary read them out!

Art. I. Any member of this society who shall refuse to laugh at a good joke shall forfeit Two-pence.

Art. II. Any member of this society who shall sing his neighbour's wig with his pipe shall forfeit Two-pence.

Art. III. Any member of this society who shall reproach another for coming to distress by unavoidable misfortune shall forfeit Two-pence.

Mr. President, I vote that that be one shilling.---And I second the motion!---A noble resolution!---Do you think so?---Well, let it be so!---And---

Here's to you, Master Higgins, &c.

Now, now the potent liquor

Not even spares the vicar,

But in all their noddles mounts;

While away this set of queerers,

(All talkers, and no hearers,)

Each his fav'rite tale recounts.

The soldier talks of battle,

The grazier talks of cattle,

Conversation to provoke;

Till the juice of the barrel

Begets a curious quarrel,

And the company is lost in smoke.

(*Drunkenly*)---'Pon my soul, neighbour, I'd no hand in the death of your wife.---Kill'd fifty with my own hand---(*cries the soldier.*)---What! slander my honourable profession!---(*says the exciseman.*)---Come, come, no breezes---(*says the bellows-mender.*)---Let's bury all animosities---(*says the undertaker.*)---Well then---

Here's to you, Master Wiggins, &c.





## APOLLO'S LYRE.

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### Part Third.

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#### DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone, that I gain'd in  
the wars,

And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,  
What matter'd my zeal or my honoured scars,  
When indifference stood at each gate!

The face that would smile when my purse was well  
lin'd—

Shew'd a different aspect to me;  
So, when I could naught but ingratitude find,  
I hied me again to the sea.

I thought it unjust to repine at my lot,  
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;

So I pack'd up the trifling remnant I'd got,  
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw;  
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;  
And when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
And fortune a slippery jade.

I swear, if once more I can take her in tow,  
I'll let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds, and the billows can shew  
More kindness than they did to me.

#### FAIR FIDELE.

**T**O fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghosts shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd-lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at ev'ning hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempest shake the sylvan cell;

Or 'midst the chase, on ev'ry plain  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

#### THE WOODMAN.

**F**AR remov'd from noise and smoke,  
Hark ! I hear the Woodman's stroke,  
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,  
What mischief dire he brews :  
How art may shape his falling trees,  
In aid of luxury and ease ;  
He weighs not matters such as these ;  
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd, by this bold man,  
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,  
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan  
So runs her vulgar rig ;  
The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks,  
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,  
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,  
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh ! what grief !  
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief,  
The seat, where sits the great lord chief,  
The throne, the cobbler's stall :  
Thou pamper'st life in ev'ry age,  
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,  
For children, toys—crutches for age,  
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford ;  
These chairs, and this convivial board,  
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,  
Confess the woodman's stroke :



He made the prefs that bled the vine,  
 The butt that holds the gen'rous wine,  
 The hall itself, where tiplers join  
 To crack the mirthful joke.

#### TWINS OF LATONA.

**T**HE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,  
 Arise to partake of the chase ;  
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
 And a smile to the smiles of her face.  
 For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of love  
 With myrtles my brows shall adorn,  
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the  
 grove,  
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.  
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,  
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply :  
 Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,  
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,  
 His sentence he hears in the gale ;  
 Yet flies till, entangled in fear and in doubt,  
 His courage and constancy fail.  
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,  
 Despair taking place of his fear !  
 With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,  
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.  
 The dogs are uncoupled, &c.

#### DEATH OF WOLFE.

**I**N a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,  
 Britannia sat wasted with care ;  
 She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against fate,  
 And gave herself up to despair :  
 The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around,  
 With th' exploits of her favourite son ;

Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,  
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,  
Beheld the disconsolate dame,  
And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,  
And these were the tidings that came :  
" Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,  
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd ;  
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,  
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,  
Have fled from their darksome abodes ;  
And, such is the news that in heaven is told,  
They are marching to war with the gods :  
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,  
And this was their final decree ;  
That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,  
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,  
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay ;  
He cry'd ' O forbear, let me victory hear,  
' And then the commands I'll obey.'  
With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,  
And bore him away in an urn,  
Left the fondness he bore to his own native shore,  
Might tempt him again to return."

#### YOUNG SANDY.

**W**HEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,  
He sung and look'd with sic a grace,  
He stole my heart but did na care,  
The laddie lov'd a lass more fair ;  
And oft I sung o'er bræ and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return !

He lov'd a lass with fickle mind,  
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind ;

Which made the love-sick laddie rue,  
 For she was cauld when he was true :  
 He mourn'd and fung o'er brae and burn,  
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,  
 With cowslips and sweet lav'rocks join'd,  
 To make a garland for her hair,  
 But she refus'd the gift so fair.  
 'This scorn he cry'd can ne'er be borne !  
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale e'en,  
 And love so true is soonest seen,  
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,  
 For thy soft wishes are like mine.  
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,  
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was baith frank and kind,  
 I lov'd the lad and told my mind ;  
 To kirk we went with hearty glee,  
 And who so blest as he and me ?  
 Now blythe we sing o'er brae and burn,  
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

#### EDWARD.

**T**HE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,  
 The hills all white with snow,  
 Leaves me dejected and forlorn,  
 Who can describe my woe ?  
 It's not the sun's warm beams I love,  
 Or prospects e'er so fine ;  
 The flow'ry meadows, fields, or grove,  
 If Edward is not mine.

The Laplander, who half the year  
 Is wrapt in shades of night,  
 Mourns not more fierce his winter near,  
 Nor wishes more for light.

Then haste! and bring him to my arms,  
 And never let us part;  
 My breast shall bear no false alarms,  
 When I secure his heart.

## BLACKBIRD'S SWEET WHISTLE.

**W**OULD you know true enjoyment, come, list  
 to my lay,  
 Where health and contentment are seen;  
 View the mower who rises at dawn of the day,  
 And trips o'er the mantle of green:  
 To the lark's early song,  
 See, he trudges along,  
 O'er many a brier and thistle;  
 Then, all cheerful and blithe,  
 As he oft whets his scythe,  
 He'll sing to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

For, say, what are riches compared to health;  
 Or greatness to sweet peace of mind?  
 The one may add pleasure, the other add wealth;  
 But no bliss in either we find,  
 Like that when the song  
 Of the lark calls along,  
 O'er many a brier and thistle,  
 The brisk mower so blithe,  
 Who does oft whet his scythe,  
 And sing to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

How sweetly a smile, from the cot of content,  
 Cheers the peasant, when labour is o'er,  
 Who ne'er once repines at what Heaven has sent,  
 But gratefully blesses its store.  
 The lark's cheerful song  
 Still calls him along,  
 O'er many a brier and thistle;  
 Then, all cheerful and blithe,  
 He again whets his scythe,  
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

## TOM TACKLE.

**T**OM Tackle was noble, was true to his word;  
 If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;  
 How gayly his bark through life's ocean would sail,  
 Truth furnish'd the rigging, and honour the gale.  
 Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,  
 That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;  
 He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,  
 And the snivellingest scoundrel that ever was seen;  
 For so said the girls, and the landlord's long score,  
 Would you know what this fault was—Tom Tackle  
 was poor!

'Twas once on a time when we took a galloon,  
 And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some  
 tune;

Tom to jail took a trip, an old messmate to free,  
 And four thankful pratlers soon sat on his knee.  
 Then Tom was an angel, downright from heav'n  
 sent!

While they'd hands, he his goodness should never  
 repent:

Return'd from next voyage, he mourn'd his sad case,  
 To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!

Why, d'ye wonder? cry'd one, you're serv'd right  
 to be sure;

Once Tom Tackle was rich—now—Tom Tackle is  
 poor!

I ben't, you see, vers'd in high maxims and fitch,  
 But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?  
 If it come not from good hearts, I can't see where  
 from,

And if ever tar had a good heart 'twas Tom.

Yet, somehow or nother, Tom never did right:

None knew better the time when to spare or to fight;

He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,

Sav'd the commodore's life—then he made such rare  
 slip!

And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure ;  
I fancy as how 'twas—because he was poor.

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,  
Who saw that his heart fail'd too fast for his hand,  
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,  
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune that shook in the  
wind :

He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,  
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near ;  
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts  
What he can to his friends—and may all honest hearts,  
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from  
the door,  
Just enough to be gen'rous—too much to be poor !

#### WANDERING TAR.

**T**HE wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd  
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,  
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,  
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd ;  
And as around the cadence rude is blown,  
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The foldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,  
Pants for the pleasure of his Nancy's smile ;  
But, ere the battle, should he lift her cries,  
The lover trembles, and the hero dies :  
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,  
Droops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear.

#### MANSION OF PEACE.

**S**OFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing,  
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring !  
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine !  
Ah ! watch her with a care like mine !

A rose from her bosom has stray'd ;  
I'll seek to replace it with art ;

But, no ! Will her slumbers invade ;  
 I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.

Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known  
 'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,  
 Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown :  
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace !

## YARROW VALE.

**I**N Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Where love, and youth, and beauty stray,  
 Oft through the twilight's waving gleam,  
 Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way :  
 She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,  
 The fanning of the western gale ;  
 Yet sigh'd for something still to please,  
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Sweet pleasure reigns, she pensive said :  
 Here shades indulge the shepherd's dream,  
 And zephyrs soothe the slumb'ring maid :  
 While I in langour musing rove,  
 Lift'ning the lonely woodlark's wail ;  
 And through the woods unheeded rove,  
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Nature his friend, his guardian love,  
 Colin, beneath the moon's soft beam,  
 Had follow'd Mary through the grove :  
 He look'd, she blush'd—he spoke, she sigh'd ;  
 No words are made to tell the tale :  
 O charming meads and groves ! she cry'd,  
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

## THE SILVER MOON.

**W**HERE shall I seek the lovely swain,  
 That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed ?



Where hear the soft and tender strain  
 He play'd upon his oaten reed ?  
 O sweetly could the shepherd play !  
 The bonny boy that won me soon ;  
 For Sandy stole my heart away,  
 While playing by the silver moon.

Where can he stray ? ah ! tell me where !  
 Return, my love, return to me !  
 Come, let us to the grot repair,  
 That overlooks the surgy sea ?  
 And when the village train's at rest,  
 My bonny lad, thy bagpipes tune ;  
 For what can e'er our loves molest,  
 While playing by the silver moon ?

Come, then, my bonny boy, with speed !  
 Or else with grief my heart will break ;  
 Come, let us range the banks of Tweed,  
 And join the merry dance or wake ;  
 But what's the dance or wake to me,  
 The boast of ev'ry silly loon,  
 Compar'd to moments pass'd with thee,  
 While playing by the silver moon ?

#### DARBY AND JOAN.

**D**EAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure  
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain :  
 Your maxim, that love is still founded  
 On charms that will quickly decay,  
 You will find to be very ill grounded,  
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion, from beauty first drawn,  
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;  
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
 Fruition the sunshine of love :

And though the bright beams of your eyes  
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,  
And darkness obscure all the skies,  
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,  
You oft' have regarded with wonder;  
He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,  
Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:  
Together they totter about,  
And sit in the sun at the door,  
And, at night, when old Darby's pot's out,  
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,  
Their several failings to smother;  
Then what are the charms, can you guess?  
That make them so fond of each other?  
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
The endearments that love did bestow,  
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,  
Which sickness nor time can remove;  
For when youth and beauty are past,  
And age brings the winter of love,  
A friendship insensibly grows,  
By reviews of such raptures as these,  
And the current of fondness still flows,  
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

#### KATTY FLANINGAN.

**A**T the dead of the night, when by whiskey in-  
spir'd,  
And pretty Katty Flanigan my senses had fir'd,  
I tap'd at her window, when thus she began,  
O what the devil are you at?—Get out, you naughty  
man!

I gave her a look, O as fly as a thief,  
 Or when hungry, I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;  
 My heart is red hot, said I, but cold is my skin,  
 So pretty Mrs. Flanigan, O won't you let me in.

She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,  
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,  
 And pleas'd her so mightily, that, ere it was day,  
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd  
 away.

#### THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring sailor plows the main,  
 A competence in life to gain;  
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,  
 To find at last content and ease,  
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,  
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,  
 And thunders shake from pole to pole,  
 Though dreadful waves surrounding foam,  
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;  
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,  
 To anchor on his native shore.

When, round the bowl, the jovial crew  
 The early scenes of life renew;  
 Though each his fav'rite fair will boast,  
 This is the universal toast,  
 "May we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
 "Cast anchor on our native shore."

#### COMUS'S HALL.

TO Comus's Hall we choice spirits invite,  
 The moments to pass in a round of delight;  
 With a song and a bumper their humour unlock,  
 Nor care for old Time tho' he points to the clock:

H

But toast ev'ry beauty, kind-hearted and free,  
 For such, such alone, are the lasses for me.  
 Then come, come away, no longer delay,  
 Mirth, friendship, and wine shall their charms all  
     display.

Jolly Bacchus with Comus will come at our call,  
 And kindly attend us at Comus's Hall :  
 No care will disturb us with maxims abroad,  
 But pleasure be present, and wit point each word,  
 That happiness may every moment prolong,  
 With a joke, and a laugh, and the heart-lifting song.

Apollo with music the whole shall inspire,  
 And the music repeat what each heart can desire ;  
 While grateful oblations we make to the skies,  
 And the incense of rapture alike shall arise :  
 Ally'd to no party, we fear no control,  
 But cheerfully circle the bottle and bowl.

#### DOWN THE BOURN, DAVY.

**W**HEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
     And broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
     And love laugh'd in her eye ;  
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move,  
     To speak her mind thus free :  
 Gang down the bourn, Davy, love,  
     And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,  
     That dwelt on this bourn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
     Just meet to be a bride :  
                     Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,  
     Her e'en were bonny blue,

Her locks were, like Aurora, bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew :  
     Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,  
 Strait to the kirk he led her,  
 Then plighted her his faith and troth,  
 And a bonny bride he made her :  
 No more aſham'd to own her love,  
 Or ſpeak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down the bourn, Davy, love,  
 And I will follow thee.

## ANNA'S BIER.

**I** Wiſh I was where Anna lies ;  
 For I am ſick of ling'ring here,  
 And ev'ry hour Affection cries,  
     Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wiſh I could ! For when ſhe dy'd  
 I loſt my all ; and life has prov'd  
 Since that ſad hour a dreary void,  
     A waſte unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,  
 Shall duly to her grave repair,  
 And pluck the ragged moſs away,  
     And weeds that have no “ buſineſs there ?”

And who with pious hand ſhall bring  
 The flow'rs ſhe cheriſh'd, ſnow-drops cold,  
 And vi'lets that unheeded ſpring,  
     To ſcatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?

And who, while mem'ry loves to dwell  
 Upon her name for ever dear,  
 Shall feel his heart with paſſion ſwell,  
     And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and would fate allow,  
 Should viſit ſtill, ſhould ſtill deplore—

But health and strength have left me now,  
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,  
The last I offer at thy shrine ;  
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,  
And all thy mem'ry fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,  
Thy voice that might with music vie,  
Thy air, that ev'ry gazer took,  
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,  
Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,  
Thy patience by no wrongs subdu'd,  
Thy gay good-humour—Can they “ fade ?”

EVENING.

ERE night assumes her gloomy reign,  
And shadows lengthen o'er the plain,  
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,  
For peace and pleasure wait us there.

To some clear river's verdant side,  
Do thou my happy footsteps guide :  
In concert with the purling stream  
We'll sing, and love shall be our theme.

There, lost in ecstasies of joy,  
While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,  
We'll bless the hour our loves begun,  
The happy hour that made us one.

WITH LOWLY SUIT.

WITH lowly suit and plaintive ditty,  
I call the tender mind to pity :  
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,  
And chilling poverty's my lot ;

From passing strangers aid entreating,  
 I wander thus alone, forgot :  
 Relieve my woes, my want's distressing,  
 And heav'n reward you with its blessing !

Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken,  
 Of battles fought, and captives taken :  
 The jovial tar so boldly sailing,  
 Or cast upon some desert shore ;  
 The hapless bride her loss bewailing,  
 And fearing ne'er to see him more.  
 Relieve my woes, my want's distressing,  
 And heav'n reward you with its blessing !

## SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

**A** DIEU, adieu, my only life !  
 My honour calls me from thee ;  
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
 Those tears but ill become thee :  
 What though, by duty, I am call'd  
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle ;  
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd,  
 When, on the wings of thy dear love,  
 To heav'n above  
 Thy fervent orisons are flown ;  
 The tender pray'r  
 Thou putt'st up there,  
 Shall call a guardian angel down,  
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
 As sword and buckler serving ;  
 My life shall be more dear to me  
 Because of thy preserving :  
 Let peril come, let horror threat,  
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,  
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,  
 Assur'd, when, on the wings of love,  
 To heav'n above, &c.



Enough with that benignant smile  
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,  
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
 Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee :  
 I go assur'd, my life, adieu !  
 Though thund'ring cannons rattle,  
 Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view ;  
 When, on the wings of thy true love,  
 To heav'n above, &c.

## HAD I A HEART.

**H**AD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
 I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For, though your tongue no promise claim'd,  
 Your charms would make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

For, when they learn that you have blest'd  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part :  
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For, friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

**I**'M here and there a jolly dog,  
 By land and sea I'm all agog—  
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,  
 For I'm a smart young midshipman,  
 A tight young midshipman,  
 Little airy midshipman ;  
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog, &c.

My honour's free from stain or speck ;  
 With pride I walk the quarter deck ;  
 The fore-mast men are at my beck,  
 For I'm a smart young midshipman,  
     A tight young midshipman, &c.

I mix the pudding for our mess,  
 In uniform then neatly dress ;  
 The captain asks, (no need to press,)  
 " Come dine with me, young midshipman."  
     A tight young midshipman, &c.

When Royal William comes on board,  
 By England's navy all ador'd,  
 From him sometimes I pass the word,  
 Though I'm a humble midshipman,  
     A tight young midshipman, &c.

PRETTY MOG.

**M**Y sweet pretty Mog ! you're as soft as a bog,  
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten ;  
 Those eyes in your face—(arraah ! pity my case !)

Poor Dermot have smitten, poor Dermot have  
 smitten.

For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,  
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is :  
 Your shape's like a pail ; from the head to the tail,  
 You're straight as a wand is, you're straight as a  
     wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is  
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;  
 Your breath is as sweet, too, as any potatoe,  
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.  
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a god-  
     defs,

So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky ;  
 A kiss on your cheek, 'tis so soft and so sleek,  
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me  
     like whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,  
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;  
 No rest can I take, and, asleep or awake,  
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel:  
 Your hate then give over, nor Dermot, your lover,  
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;  
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,  
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

## REFLECTION.

**F**ROM prudence let my joys take birth,  
 Let me not be passion's slave;  
 Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,  
 Vice of pleasure is the grave:  
 Then still to reason's dictates true,  
 Select the sweets of life, like bees;  
 Thus your enjoyments will be few,  
 But such as, on reflection, please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,  
 Inspires the mirth of ev'ry feast;  
 But gluttons so may drain the bowl,  
 Till man degenerate to beast:  
 Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,  
 And freely on the bottle seize;  
 What though your pleasures be but few,  
 They're such as, on reflection, please.

Love, the source of human joys,  
 The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,  
 Too often its own end destroys,  
 And proves the source of human ills:  
 Here reason's dictates keep in view,  
 Or farewell freedom, farewell ease;  
 The real joys of life are few,  
 But such as, on reflection, please.

Then, while we meet, let's only own  
 Joys that do honour to the heart,

And, ceasing to prize these alone,  
 Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part :  
 Meanwhile, to reason's dictates true,  
 Select the sweets of life, like bees ;  
 Thus your enjoyments will be few,  
 But such as, on reflection, please.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

**O** Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn ?  
 Thy presence can ease me,  
 When naething can please me ;  
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,  
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.  
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
 While lav'rocks are singing,  
 And primroses springing,  
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,  
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.  
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;  
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.  
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, na langer away,  
 But, quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to thy marrow,  
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,  
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,  
 and play.

SORROWS OF WERTER.

**W**HEN Weter fair Charlotte beheld,  
 As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,  
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,  
 And prais'd the soft grace of her mien :

But all her accomplishments known,  
Gentle Werter began to adore;  
He sighs for a heart not her own,  
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Though vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,  
As a friend, gentle Werter was dear;  
Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,  
While pity has dropp'd a soft tear.  
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,  
"Werter, leave me, and see me no more!"  
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd;  
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs! let not Cupid deceive,  
Under pity's soft garb hide his dart;  
Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,  
While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart.  
And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,  
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,  
"He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd!"  
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

**H**OW stands the glass around?  
For shame! you take no care, my boys!  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound!—  
The trumpets found,  
The colours now are flying, boys,  
To fight, kill, or wound:  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
On the cold ground.  
  
Why, Soldiers! why  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, Soldiers! why?  
Whose business 'tis to die.

What! fighting? fie!  
 Kill fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
 'Tis he, you, or I,—  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry;  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys;  
 'Tis but in vain  
 For Soldiers to complain:  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain!  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and good company  
 Cure all again.

THE ROSY MORN.

WHEN the rosy morn, appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain;  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content the humble gleaner  
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall!  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O Listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove;

The primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
The tuneful birds invite to rove :  
To softer joys let splendour yield,  
O listen to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their fragrant sweets exhale,  
My Daphne ! fondly let us stray ;  
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,  
And shepherds sing their artless lay :  
O listen to the voice of love,  
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,  
And leave the town's tumultuous noise ;  
The happy swains all cheerful sing,  
And echo still repeats their joys :  
Then listen, &c.

WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.

**W**HEN William at eve meets me down at the  
stile,  
How sweet is the nightingale's song !  
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.  
By her beams, without blushing, I hear him com-  
plain,  
And believe ev'ry word of his song :  
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,  
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

**Y**E chiefs of the ocean ! your laurels throw by,  
And the cypress entwine with a wreath ;  
To shew your humanity, heave a soft sigh,  
And a tear now let fall for his death :  
Yet the genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,  
For Cook, ever honour'd, immortal shall live.



The hero of Macedon ran o'er the world,  
 Yet nothing but death could he give :  
 Great George gave the word, and the sails were unfurl'd,  
 And Cook taught mankind how to live.

He came, and he saw—not to conquer, but save,  
 For the Cæsar of Britain was he ;  
 He scorn'd the ambition of making a slave,  
 Since Britons themselves are so free.

## ARISTIPPUS.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,  
 Who can, like Aristippus, his passions control ;  
 Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,  
 Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free ;  
 The prince, peer, and peasant to him were the same,  
 For, pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came,  
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend—  
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end ;  
 He found fault with none, if none found fault with  
 him,

If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim ;  
 If wine was the word, why, he bumper'd his glass,  
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass ;  
 But still turn'd his back, &c.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,  
 He found fault with neither, for this was his creed,  
 That, let them be guided by folly or sense,  
 'Twould be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence.  
 He thought 'twas unsocial to be malcontent,  
 If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went,  
 But still turn'd his back, &c.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the sword ;  
 If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word ;

Disquiet to him, of body or mind,  
 Was the longitude only he never could find.  
 The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,  
 And all, who had fought it, had fought it in vain;  
                   He still turn'd his back, &c.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,  
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules;  
 Let those, not contented to lead or to drive,  
 By the bees of their sects be drove out of the hive;  
 Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,  
 May they never find out the blest art how to please;  
 While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our  
                   wives,  
 By those maxims may live all the days of our lives.

#### THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

**T**HE top-sails shiver in the wind,  
 The ship she casts to sea,  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind  
   Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;  
 For, though thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're fail'd,  
   Oh! doubt their artful tales;  
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
   If love breath'd constant gales!  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,  
   More fell than rocks and waves;  
 But sailors of the British fleet—  
   Are lovers, and not slaves.  
 No foes our courage shall subdue,  
 Although we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but, if you're kind,  
   We'll scorn the dashing main,

The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
 The pow'rs of France and Spain.  
 Now, England's glory rest with you !  
 Our fails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

## KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton in the winding stream,  
 And kifs reflected light :  
 To courts begone, heart-foothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been,  
 While I May's wakeful vigil keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
 In primrose chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May :  
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
 And rouse yon nodding grove,  
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love.  
 At her approach, the lark mistakes,  
 And quits the new-dress'd green—  
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithesome, o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;  
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin queen ;

The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,  
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen !"

LET'S SEEK THE BOW'R.

**L**ET's seek the bow'r of Robin Hood,  
 This is his bridal day ;  
 And cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood,  
 Bridemaids and bridemen play :  
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,  
 And we'll the pastime see,  
 For the minstrels sing,  
 And the sweet bells ring,  
 And they feast right merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,  
 With mead that's stout and old ;  
 And am'rous virgins tell love tales,  
 To thaw the heart that's cold.

Then follow me, &c.

There dancing sprightly on the green,  
 Each light-foot lad and lass,  
 Sly stealing kisses, when unseen,  
 And jingling glafs with glafs.

Then follow me, &c.

A ROSE-TREE.

**A**Rose-tree, full in bearing,  
 Had sweet flowers fair to see—  
 One rose, beyond comparing  
 For beauty, attracted me.  
 Though eager once to win it,  
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,  
 I find a canker in it,  
 And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,  
 The sun shining clear and bright :  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Though now lost each fond delight.



The clouds seem big with showers,  
Sunny beams no more are seen—  
Farewell, ye happy hours!  
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

THE IRISH NEWSMAN.

YOU may sing of your waggoners, ploughboys,  
and watchmen,  
Your lamp-lighters, sailors, and pedling Jews;  
There's no trade like mine; for, you're sure for to  
catch men,  
Rich, poor, old, and ugly, all rading the news.  
While round, with my papers, straight forward I'm  
going,  
My masters they find me employment enough,  
For, we make out the business with puffing and  
blowing—  
My horn's after blowing whatever they puff.

[Spoken.]---And, between us both, we contrive  
To botheroo, didderoo, merry and frisky,  
My horn always made as much noise as he could,  
For, as sure as dare Dublin's the country for whisky,  
It must be an ill wind that blows nobody good.

If our Oracle ever should fail, 'tis no wonder,  
The Times are complain'd of as not always right;  
And sometimes the Sun, just by way of a blunder,  
He sets in the morning, and rises at night.

Then 'twould puzzle your worships my plan to un-  
lock it,

How often I travel regardless of harm;  
With a Star in my hand, and the World in my poc-  
ket,

And carry a Telegraph under my arm.

[Spoken.]---And then, you see, I'm like the Public  
Ledger, open to all parties, and influenced by  
none; and that's the way

I botheroo, &c.

Then I've all the agraable news of the nation,  
Your battles, and murders, and such pretty jokes;  
Wid your parliament spaaches, agra! boderation!  
And the nate little things that are done by grate  
folks.

Then I lump ev'ry accident, death, or promotion,  
Your tragedies, comedies, all in a string;  
Wid wedlock and hanging, for some have a notion,  
That one noose and t'other are both the same thing.

[*Spoken.*]---And, by my conscience! I think so my-  
self; for a man had better be tuck'd up at once  
than plagu'd with a perpetual

Botheroo, &c.

POOR LITTLE GYPSEY.

**A** Poor little Gypsey, I wander forlorn,  
My fortune was told long before I was born;  
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,  
And, in search of my love, I am lost on my way.  
Spare a halfpenny! spare a halfpenny!  
Spare a poor little Gypsey a halfpenny!

I fear, from this line, you have been a sad man,  
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;  
But beware lest repentance too late cause you pain!  
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.  
Spare a halfpenny! &c.

Thro' woods and thro' wilds oft' aweary I roam,  
Long absent from parents, from friends, and from  
home:  
Tho' sad is my heart, and tho' sore are my feet,  
Yet I sing, on my way, thus to all that I meet:  
Spare a halfpenny! &c.

HOW OFT, LOUISA.

**H**OW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,  
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,)

Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love,  
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind,  
And by that hand I press'd to mine,  
To gain a subject nation's love,  
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul! can we be poor,  
Who own what kingdoms cannot buy?  
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontrol'd in mutual bliss,  
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

THE TRAVELLER'S SONG.

**A** Traveller full forty years I have been,  
But never went over to France;  
All cities, and most market-towns have been in,  
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;  
My own native country with pleasure I range,  
All seasons and times of the year,  
In fashion still find a continual change,  
Something novel will always appear:  
The world, tho' 'tis round, as about it we go,  
Strange ways, turns, and crosses we see,  
But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,  
Is—through life to go easy and free.

The traveller, braving a bleak wintry day,  
To what place he foe'er may resort,  
When reaching his inn, is as cheerful and gay,  
As the sailor that gets into port:  
Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,  
What comfort it gives to the heart,  
And where a few friends unexpectedly meet,  
How fond each his tale to impart:



But now this idea, which none can detest,  
 Has long been implanted in me,  
 That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best  
 Is—through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much  
 In sentiment people divide,  
 In opinion for diff'ring my temper is such,  
 I scorn any soul to deride.  
 Tho' the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,  
 Such prejudice hangs on the mind,  
 From debates, howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,  
 You seldom a convert will find;  
 Then shew me the man wheresoever I go,  
 That always will sociable be,  
 If we can't think alike, still the beauty of all  
 Is—through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,  
 I always make much of the day,  
 At night, with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,  
 The moments glide smoothly away;  
 All travellers truly it must be confess'd,  
 Good orders are glad to receive,  
 Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,  
 For madness I deem it to grieve;  
 Then my worthies the toast which to give I'm inclin'd  
 I hope with all minds will agree,  
 Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind—  
 Through life may go easy and free.

#### LASS OF RICHMOND-HILL.

**O**N Richmond-hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids' surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will;

I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lasfs of Richmond-hill!

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her and love.  
This lasfs so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be  
Who calls this nymph his own!  
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me;  
Mine's fix'd on her alone!  
This lasfs so neat, &c.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I That once was a ploughman—a sailor am now,  
No lark that, aloft in the sky,  
Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plough,  
Was so gay and so careless as I.  
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's-ship,  
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip;  
And he talk'd of such things,  
As if failors were kings,  
And so teasing did keep,  
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the  
deep:  
No longer the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn;  
I trusted to the carfindo, and the inconstant wind,  
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind:  
I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,  
When in danger there's no door to creep out;  
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,  
But I did not like rocking about;  
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,  
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat:  
Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,  
That, like me, had a home,

When I'd sow and I'd reap,  
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,  
 Where sweetly the horn  
 Call'd me up in the morn,  
 Ere I trusted to the carfindo, and the inconstant wind,  
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,  
 Nor did I make any long stay  
 Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,  
 Father dead, and my wife ran away :  
 Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame,  
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good name;  
 Ah! why did I roam,  
 When, so happy at home,  
 I could sow and could reap,  
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,  
 When so sweetly the horn  
 Call'd me up in the morn?  
 Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,  
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind!

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,  
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,  
 Gi's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,  
 Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home.  
 Stark staring with joy, I leap'd out of my skin,  
 Bu's'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :  
 Now, cry'd I, let them roam,  
 That want a good home!  
 I am well, so I'll keep,  
 Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep.  
 Once more shall the horn  
 Call me up in the morn,  
 Nor shall any vile carfindo, nor the inconstant  
 wind,  
 E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind!

## THE LASS OF HUMBER-SIDE.

**I**N lonely cot, by Humber-side,  
 I sit and mourn my hours away;  
 For constant Will was Peggy's pride,  
 And now he sleeps in Iceland bay:  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,  
 Where half the year is dreary night,  
 He toil'd for me, and oft would boast  
 That Peggy was his sole delight:  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

Ah! woe is me, I often cry,  
 As through the broken panes I peep;  
 And as the distant sails I spy,  
 I think of dearest Will, and weep:  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

If loud and swelling storms I heard,  
 As on my lonesome bed I laid,  
 All night alone for Will I fear'd,  
 All night for Will alone I pray'd:  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

The bride knot, which my love did wear,  
 Loose hung a pendant o'er my door,  
 And when it told the wind was fair,  
 I fancy'd soon he'd be on shore:  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo ya yo.

At length the very ship I spy'd,  
 In which my constant Will had sail'd,  
 With haste I ran to Humber-side,  
 And loud and oft the sailors hail'd,

The deck they travers'd to and fro,  
And answer'd naught but yo ya yo.

The boatswain, now, full near the shore,  
I ask'd for Will—he shook his head :  
I fear, said I, he is no more—  
His answer was, “ Poor Will is dead !”  
Ah! me, I fell, oppress'd with woe,  
And heard no more their yo ya yo.

THE DAY IS DEPARTED.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud  
The moon in her beauty appears;  
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud  
The music of love in our ears :  
Maria appear! now the season, so sweet,  
With the beat of the heart is in tune,  
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,  
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel ;  
I sigh—can a lover do more ?  
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove ?  
Do you sigh for an interview soon ?  
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove  
Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
My bosom is all in a glow ;  
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,  
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
Ye pow'rs of the sky will your bounty divine  
Indulge a fond lover his boon ?  
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
Alone by the light of the moon ?

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,  
 Will still desire to grow richer;  
 Give me but these, I ask no more,  
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
 With such, what mortal can be richer;  
 Give me but these, a fig for care,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve  
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher;  
 If that, when I came home at eve,  
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,  
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;  
 With all my heart can I be poor,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

WHEN THE FIGHT'S BEGUN.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,  
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd  
 main,  
 Then sailors think of their far-distant home,  
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again.  
 But when the fight's begun,  
 Each serving at his gun,  
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,  
 Think only, should the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer  
 The heart—to hear  
 That their old companion—he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind  
 Have left on shore—some pretty girl, and true,

Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
 And sigh to think how it may fare with you :  
     Oh ! when the fight's begun,  
     Each serving at his gun,  
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,  
     Think only, should the day be won,  
     How 'twill cheer  
     Her heart—to hear  
 That her own true failor—he was one.

LILIES AND ROSES.

**T**HE father of Nancy a forester was,  
 And an honest old woodman was he ;  
 And Nancy a beautiful innocent lass  
     As the sun in his circle could see ;  
 She gather'd wild flowers, sweet lilies, and roses,  
 And cry'd, through the village, “ Come, buy my  
     sweet posies ! ”

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,  
     A noble and rich one was he ;  
 Great offers he made ; but by Nancy was taught,  
     That a poor girl right honest might be.  
     She still gather'd wild flowers, &c.

The father of Nancy a forester was,  
     And a poor little stroller was she ;  
 But her lover, so noble, soon marry'd the lass ;  
     She, as happy as maiden could be.  
     No more gather'd wild flowers, &c.

THE LINNETS.

**A**S bringing home, the other day,  
     Two linnets I had ta'en,  
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray  
     For liberty again :  
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,  
     I sprang across the mead :



In vain they tun'd their downy throats,  
And flutter'd to be free.

As passing through yon tufted grove,  
Near which my cottage stood,  
I thought I saw the queen of love,  
When Clora's charms I view'd.  
I lov'd, I press'd, I begg'd her stay,  
To hear my tender tale;  
But all in vain :—she fled away;  
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Straight, thro' the wound which love had made,  
Came pity to my breast;  
And thus I, as compassion bade,  
The feather'd pair address'd :  
Ye pretty warblers! cheerful be;  
Remember not ye flew;  
For I, who thought myself so free,  
Am far more bound than you.

#### SILENT SORROW.

**I** Have a silent sorrow here,  
A grief I'll ne'er impart;  
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,  
But it consumes my heart.  
This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,  
My lot for ever be;  
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear  
Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death  
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,  
When my poor wasted, trembling breath  
My life's last hope would speak—  
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,  
Nor mercy ask for me;  
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,  
Unpardon'd, love! by thee.

## WINTER'S WIND.

**B**LOW, blow, thou winter's wind!  
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude :  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!  
Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefit forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

## THOU'RT GONE AWA'.

**T**HOU'RT gone awa', thou'rt gone awa';  
Thou'rt gone awa' from me, Mary;

Nor friends nor I could make thee stay;  
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.

Until this hour, I never thought  
That aught could alter thee, Mary :  
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,  
Who stole that heart of thine, Mary ;  
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
Or nae such love as mine, Mary.  
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary ;  
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,  
No—I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,  
No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;  
Till friends forget, and I forgive  
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.

So then, farewell! of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
 For all the world, I'd not endure  
 Half that I've done for thee, Mary.

THE LIFE OF A TAR.

**Y**OU ask me the life of a tar,  
 That's tofs'd up and down on the ocean;  
 Why, know, that, in peace or in war,  
 Of danger we have not a notion.  
 Yes, yes, my dear Jack, it is true,  
 With such we have nothing to do;  
 For we sing as we go,  
 With a—Yeo, yea, yea, yeo!  
 And drink to the girls left behind us.

When landsmen preach up as they do,  
 And say this and that of the navy,  
 Why, tell them, ere fear brings us to,  
 We'll grapple with Death and Old Davy.  
 Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, this impart,  
 The worth of a tar is his heart;  
 For we sing as we go, &c.

'Tis sweet, when the battle is o'er,  
 To say that a tar's done his duty;  
 Yet sweeter to think, when on shore,  
 He'll meet with a welcome from beauty.  
 Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, may each tar  
 E'er meet with a smile from the fair;  
 For we sing as we go, &c.



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## TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

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**T**HE king of hearts, who conscientiously discharges his duty to gain the affections of his people.

The true patriot, who dies with pleasure for his country's good.

The abolition of the slave trade.

May poverty never be looked on with contempt, nor wealth as a mark of merit.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.

May the laws of humanity be put in full force against the perpetrators of cruelty.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May the fair daughters of Britain be resplendent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

May the regard we have for our own characters deter us from injuring others.

May we never murmur without a cause, and never have cause to murmur.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May prosperity ever be the attendant of a humane and charitable heart.

May the morality of individuals become the policy of nations.

The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.

May our passions be governed by reason, and our wishes by moderation.

May temptations never overcome virtue.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

May we be happy when alone, and cheerful in company.

The man who dares to be honest in the worst of times.

Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.

May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

May a virtuous offspring succeed to a mutual and honourable love.

Innocence to the rising generation, and may a good conscience be the companion of their lives.

May we fly from temptations which we cannot resist.

May we live to learn, and learn to live.

May avarice lose his purse, and benevolence find it.

Labour's true reward to every Briton—content and plenty.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never shed a tear for its own.

May we never condemn in others what we would pardon in ourselves.

Independence and a genteel sufficiency.

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

Provision to the unprovided.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

May the honey of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

Remission to those who would, but cannot pay their debts.

May bad examples never corrupt the morals of our youth.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

May no son of the ocean be devoured by his mother.

May the gates of consolation be ever open to the children of affliction.

May reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.

May we be flatterers to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

The rose of pleasure without the thorn.

May a polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.

May the trade of this country increase, and be supported by unity, peace, and concord.

Frugality without meanness.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his due, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

Calamity to those who would make us feel it.

Our country, and may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.

May a quick consumption encourage our arts and manufactures.

Fortune every honest man's constant companion, and her eldest daughter every villain's inseparable attendant.

May philosophy guide the passions, and mend the heart.

May the civil power never interpose between the conscience of man and his Maker.

Dignity without pride, and condescension without meanness.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May the miseries of war never more have existence among enlightened nations.

May sincerity be the guide of all our words and actions.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.



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| Blow, blow, thou winter's wind . . . . .                       | 112          |
| Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear . . . . .               | 34           |
| Borne on hope's deluding gale . . . . .                        | 15           |
| Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn . . . . .                | 42           |
| Bright Phæbus has mounted the chariot of day . . . . .         | 52           |
| Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer . . . . .                | 52           |
| Come buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell . . . . .              | 19           |
| Come rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry . . . . .   | 57           |
| Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure . . . . .                | 83           |
| Dear is my little native vale . . . . .                        | 4            |
| Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle . . . . .                  | 65           |
| Down the bourn and through the mead . . . . .                  | 9            |
| Ere around the huge oak that o'er shadows yon mill . . . . .   | 42           |
| Ere night assumes her gloomy reign . . . . .                   | 88           |
| Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller . . . . .             | 9            |
| Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious design . . . . .             | 50           |
| Far remov'd from noise and smoke . . . . .                     | 75           |
| Forc'd from home and all its pleasures . . . . .               | 18           |
| For England when, with fav'ring gale . . . . .                 | 3            |



|                                                                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>For me my fair a wreath has wove . . . . .</i>                      | 12  |
| <i>From morn to night I take my glass . . . . .</i>                    | 44  |
| <i>From place to place I travers'd long . . . . .</i>                  | 23  |
| <i>From prudence let my joys take birth . . . . .</i>                  | 92  |
| <i>Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see . . . . .</i>              | 64  |
| <i>Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd . . . . .</i>                    | 90  |
| <i>Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling . . . . .</i>             | 31  |
| <i>Hither, Mary, hither come . . . . .</i>                             | 19  |
| <i>Hope told a flatt'ring tale . . . . .</i>                           | 12  |
| <i>How imperfect is expression . . . . .</i>                           | 41  |
| <i>How oft, Louisa, hast thou said . . . . .</i>                       | 102 |
| <i>How stands the glass around . . . . .</i>                           | 94  |
| <i>How sweet in the woodlands . . . . .</i>                            | 63  |
| <i>I have a silent sorrow here . . . . .</i>                           | 111 |
| <i>I wish I was where Anna lies . . . . .</i>                          | 87  |
| <i>I'm here and there a jolly dog . . . . .</i>                        | 90  |
| <i>In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat . . . . .</i>              | 76  |
| <i>In lonely cot, by Humber-side . . . . .</i>                         | 107 |
| <i>In storms, when clouds obscure the sky . . . . .</i>                | 43  |
| <i>In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining . . . . .</i>   | 5   |
| <i>In the world's crooked path where I've been . . . . .</i>           | 7   |
| <i>In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream . . . . .</i>                      | 82  |
| <i>I sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy . . . . .</i>                  | 38  |
| <i>I that once was a ploughman a sailor am now . . . . .</i>           | 105 |
| <i>John Bull for pastime took a prance . . . . .</i>                   | 14  |
| <i>Leander on the bay . . . . .</i>                                    | 61  |
| <i>Let care be a stranger to each jovial soul . . . . .</i>            | 97  |
| <i>Let fame sound the trumpet, and cry to the war . . . . .</i>        | 16  |
| <i>Let's seek the bow'r of Robin Hood . . . . .</i>                    | 100 |
| <i>Life's like a ship in constant motion . . . . .</i>                 | 33  |
| <i>Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion . . . . .</i>                     | 35  |
| <i>My mam is no more, and my dad in his grave . . . . .</i>            | 35  |
| <i>My native land I bade adieu . . . . .</i>                           | 6   |
| <i>My sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog . . . . .</i>          | 91  |
| <i>No flow'r that blows . . . . .</i>                                  | 67  |
| <i>Now we're all met together . . . . .</i>                            | 71  |
| <i>Of the antients it's spaking, my soul, you'd be after . . . . .</i> | 49  |
| <i>Oh! say, have you my Mary seen . . . . .</i>                        | 21  |
| <i>O listen to the voice of love . . . . .</i>                         | 95  |

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| <i>On Afric's wide plains . . . . .</i>                              | 56  |
| <i>O Nanny! wilt thou fly with me . . . . .</i>                      | 60  |
| <i>On Richmond-Hill there lives a lass . . . . .</i>                 | 104 |
| <i>O Sandy! why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn . . . . .</i>        | 93  |
| <i>O! say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion . . . . .</i>     | 46  |
| <i>Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean . . . . .</i>                    | 24  |
| <i>Push about the brisk bowl! 'twill enliven the heart . . . . .</i> | 32  |
| <i>Says Plato—Why should man be vain . . . . .</i>                   | 13  |
| <i>See the course throng'd with gazers . . . . .</i>                 | 37  |
| <i>Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove . . . . .</i>     | 23  |
| <i>Soft Zephyr! on thy balmy wing . . . . .</i>                      | 81  |
| <i>Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly . . . . .</i>  | 69  |
| <i>Still the lark finds repose . . . . .</i>                         | 18  |
| <i>Sweet is the ship that, under sail . . . . .</i>                  | 12  |
| <i>The day is departed, and round from the cloud . . . . .</i>       | 108 |
| <i>The father of Nancy a forester was . . . . .</i>                  | 110 |
| <i>The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing . . . . .</i>   | 70  |
| <i>The moment Aurora peep'd into my room . . . . .</i>               | 47  |
| <i>The moon had climb'd the highest hill . . . . .</i>               | 66  |
| <i>Then farewell, my trim-built wherry . . . . .</i>                 | 58  |
| <i>The silver moon's enamour'd beam . . . . .</i>                    | 99  |
| <i>The streamlet that flow'd round her cot . . . . .</i>             | 5   |
| <i>The summer heats bestowing . . . . .</i>                          | 69  |
| <i>The sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn . . . . .</i>               | 78  |
| <i>The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day . . . . .</i>   | 25  |
| <i>The topsails shiver in the wind . . . . .</i>                     | 98  |
| <i>The tunefu' laurocks cheer the grove . . . . .</i>                | 41  |
| <i>The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon . . . . .</i>             | 76  |
| <i>The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main . . . . .</i>               | 85  |
| <i>The wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd . . . . .</i>    | 81  |
| <i>The wealthy fool, with gold in store . . . . .</i>                | 109 |
| <i>The world, my dear Myra! is full of deceit . . . . .</i>          | 24  |
| <i>Though oft we meet severe distress . . . . .</i>                  | 6   |
| <i>Though prudence may press me . . . . .</i>                        | 55  |
| <i>Thou'rt gone awa', thou'rt gone awa' . . . . .</i>                | 112 |
| <i>Thro' winds and waves, in days that are no more . . . . .</i>     | 36  |
| <i>'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards . . . . .</i>                    | 26  |
| <i>To Comus's Hall we choice spirits invite . . . . .</i>            | 85  |
| <i>To fair Fidele's grassy tomb . . . . .</i>                        | 74  |

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| <i>Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word . . .</i>  | 80  |
| <i>To speer my love, wi' glances fair . . . . .</i>      | 55  |
| <i>'Twas in that season of the year . . . . .</i>        | 62  |
| <i>'Twas in the ev'ning of a wintry day . . . . .</i>    | 25  |
| <i>'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat . . . . .</i>     | 45  |
| <i>'Twas post meridiem half past four . . . . .</i>      | 10  |
| <i>'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town . . . . .</i>    | 20  |
| <i>We bipeds, made up of frail clay . . . . .</i>        | 28  |
| <i>What beauties does Flora disclose . . . . .</i>       | 44  |
| <i>What Cato advises, most certainly, wise is . . .</i>  | 34  |
| <i>When first I kenn'd young Sandy's face . . . . .</i>  | 77  |
| <i>When first I saw the graceful move . . . . .</i>      | 54  |
| <i>When first this humble roof I knew . . . . .</i>      | 22  |
| <i>When I took my departure . . . . .</i>                | 58  |
| <i>When I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd .</i>   | 28  |
| <i>When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come . .</i>    | 109 |
| <i>When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars</i>  | 73  |
| <i>When summer, smiling, bids the hills . . . . .</i>    | 7   |
| <i>When the hollow drum has beat to bed . . . . .</i>    | 21  |
| <i>When the rosy morn, appearing . . . . .</i>           | 93  |
| <i>When trees did bud, and fields were green . . .</i>   | 86  |
| <i>When weary Sol gang'd down the west . . . . .</i>     | 50  |
| <i>When Werter fair Charlotte beheld . . . . .</i>       | 95  |
| <i>When William, at eve, meets me down at the stile</i>  | 96  |
| <i>Where shall I seek the lovely swain . . . . .</i>     | 82  |
| <i>While o'er the raging, roaring seas . . . . .</i>     | 30  |
| <i>Who hunt after fortune, attend . . . . .</i>          | 68  |
| <i>Willy, after courting long . . . . .</i>              | 29  |
| <i>With lowly suit and plaintive ditty . . . . .</i>     | 88  |
| <i>Would you know true enjoyment . . . . .</i>           | 79  |
| <i>Ye chiefs of the ocean, your laurels throw by . .</i> | 96  |
| <i>Ye wealthy and proud, as in splendour ye roll .</i>   | 51  |
| <i>You ask me the life of a tar . . . . .</i>            | 113 |
| <i>You may sing of your waggoners . . . . .</i>          | 101 |



